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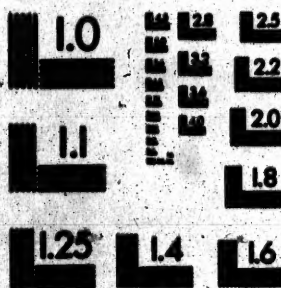
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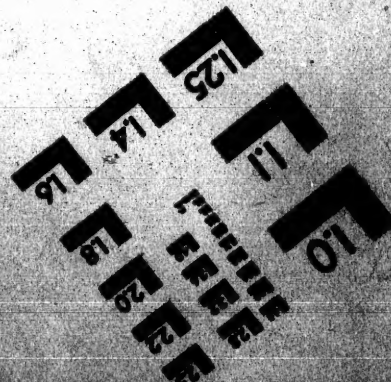
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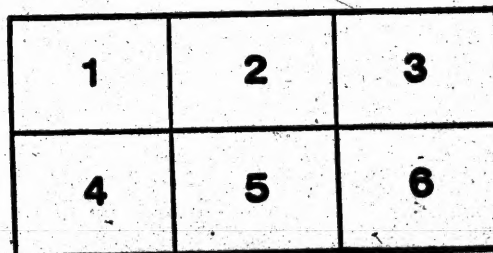
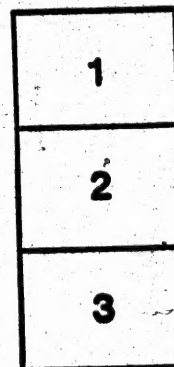
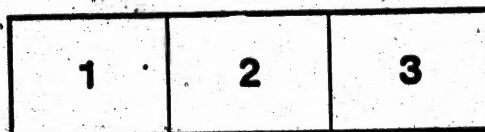
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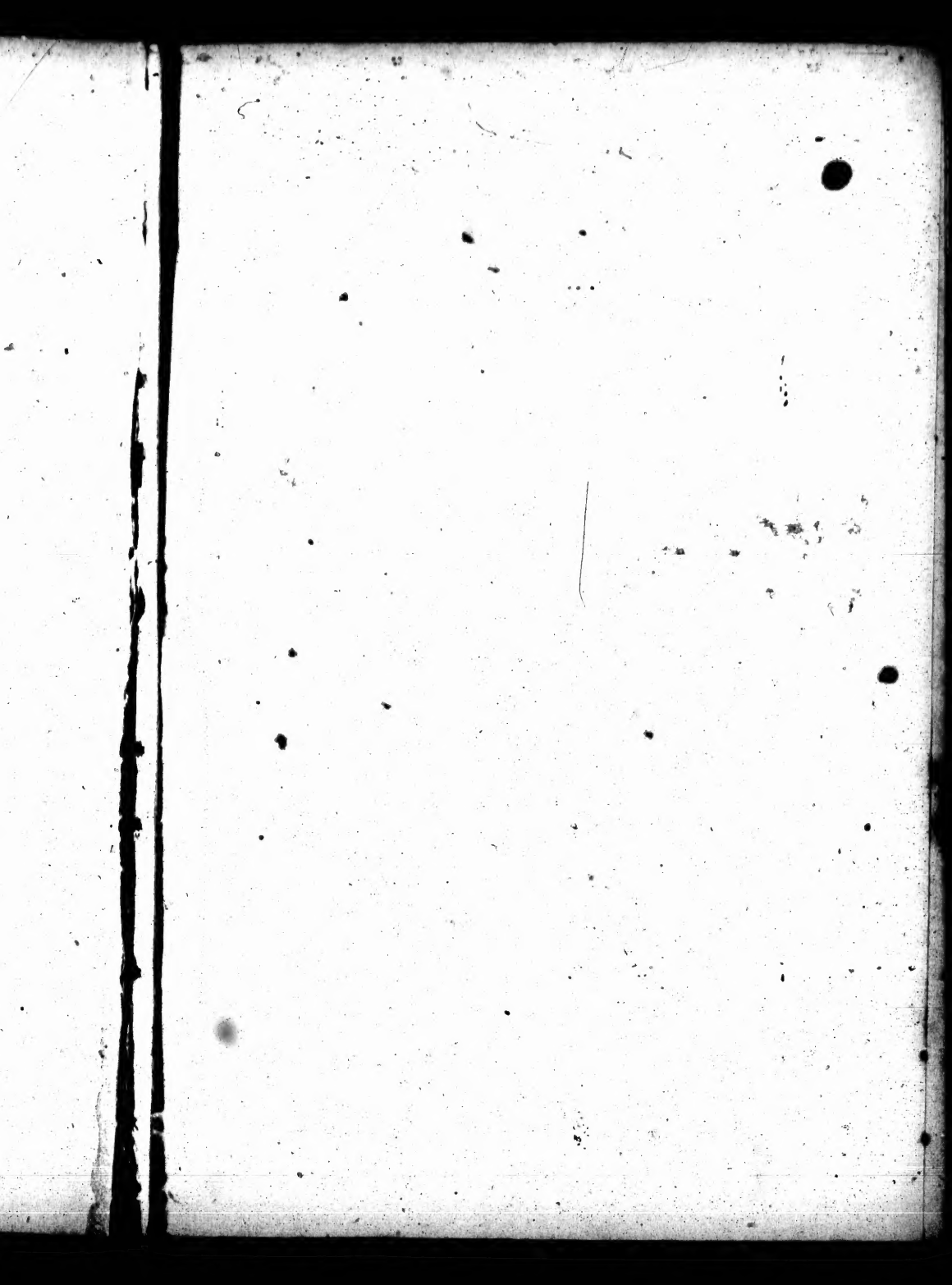
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REV. SAMUEL JONES.

SELECT SERMONS

BY

REV. SAM JONES,

WITH A

SHORT SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.



TORONTO:
ROSE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1896.

PRINTED BY HUNTER, ROSE & CO.

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ROSE PUBLISHING CO.,
TORONTO.

REV. SAMUEL JONES

"SAM JONES," as he is commonly called, was born in Chambers County, Ala., United States, on the 16th of October, 1847. His father and mother were religious people, and four of his uncles were ministers of the Gospel.

"Sam" was brought up to the profession of Law, and started life with a brilliant prospect of success before him. Shortly after opening his office, he became very dissipated, and had it not been for his father's death-bed exhortations, a useful life would have been lost to the world. Sam, after his reformation, married Miss Laura McElwain, of Eminence, Kentucky, and this estimable lady still cheers him in the arduous labours in behalf of suffering humanity.

In October, 1872, Mr. Jones became a travelling preacher of the Methodist Church South, and was very successful in his work. Shortly after this he became a travelling evangelist, and met with extraordinary encouragement in several of the Southern States. He then attracted the attention of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who for some time employed him in a grand revival at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Brooklyn, New York.

Mr. Jones again returned to the South, and attracted wide-spread attention in several cities. In St. Louis he

attacked Satan with such vehemence and success, that his name became at once a household word, and his subsequent visits to Cincinnati and Chicago, and the good he has accomplished in those places, testify that he is a man of great power and influence. And now his work has branched out to such an extent that his time is fully occupied in addressing mass meetings, and we expect to have the pleasure of having him in the City of Toronto, in October of this year.

Mr. Jones often uses slang and other uncouth language to attract attention, which is to be regretted, but the fault is more than counterbalanced by his earnestness. He is without doubt the most sensational preacher in the world, and his meetings produce intense interest and a great harvest of converts, and he is endorsed by the leading orthodox ministers wherever he goes.

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SAM. JONES'S SERMONS.

SERMON I

REPENTANCE NOT A MYSTERY.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 JOHN, i 9.

WE select as our text on this occasion the 9th verse of the 1st Chapter of the First Epistle General of John: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." This is an epitome of the gospel. It is wonderful how the apostle could put the whole gospel into three lines like this. I mean the whole of the gospel on the human side of the gospel, and I dare say at this point that the only side of the gospel that you and I have to do with at all is the human side of the gospel. In the great work of redemption I have but one question to ask: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I'll never stop to ask God what he is going to do and how he is going to do it and when he is going to do it; but the question that engages my mind is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I never preach on the divine side of the gospel. The water is deep out there, and little boats ought to stay near the

shore. (Laughter.) I'd want to be a first-class swimmer if I should go out in the depths of divine mysteries and inquire of God what are the divine plans and the divine modes, and the divine "when" and the divine "how." These are questions that never bother me at all. I simply want to know what God wants me to do, and if he'll tell me I'll do that and trust him for the rest.

And now St. John gives us clearly and pointedly our side of the gospel in these words: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Suppose we read the text this way—and we do no violence to the sense of the text: "If we repent of our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

THE ALPHABET OF RELIGION.

Repentance to a man in this world, in every moral spiritual sense, on his way to God, is just what the alphabet is to the man of letters and to the scholar. We see that little boy four years old standing at his mother's knee. She is teaching him the alphabet, just as my mother taught me the alphabet. And when I learned the alphabet so that I could begin at A and go to Z, and commence with Z and go back to A, then mother would put her finger at the middle of the alphabet and start me up and down, and I learned the alphabet perfect and I knew my A B C well. Then my mother turned the leaf and said: "Now, son, you may spell some." And I thought in my little heart: "Well, I'll leave my A B C the first week." So I turned over to the next page and commenced to spell, but I saw before I spelt a word that I could not spell without my A B C, and the first word was "a—b, ab," and "i—b, ib," and I saw that I couldn't spell without my letters, and I spelled on, and she taught me on till I got over to "baker," and that's a good way, I thought, but I couldn't spell "baker" without the "b"

and the "a" and the "k" and the "c" and the "r." And I went on until I got way over to "publication," and I thought I was nearly graduated then, but I couldn't even spell "publication" without the "p," and the "u," and the "b," and so on. Well, after I had started to school and got through the spelling-book, my teacher said: "Now, tell your mother to get you a First Reader." "Well," I thought "good-bye, A B C, I am done with you now," but when I opened my First Reader, the first page of my First Reader was covered with the alphabet, and I couldn't read a line without the alphabet.

COULDN'T SHAKE THE ALPHABET.

And so I went through the first, second and third Readers, and then my teacher said, "Now you must get you an Arithmetic." "Well," I thought, "I'm in arithmetic." That's the science of numbers, and I won't have any alphabet in that. It's "good-bye, alphabet," now. And I opened my arithmetic and found they couldn't state a mathematical proposition or question without the alphabet, and I went on and on, and by-and-bye they said, "Now, we'll put you into geography."

"Well," said I, "that geography might give me some idea of this earth's surface, and I won't have any alphabet in that," but I found my geography, every page of it, was covered with the alphabet. And by-and-bye I went into rhetoric, and into philosophy, and on and on, and after a while they said, "We'll put you in Latin." "Well," I thought, "in Latin I'll never be troubled with the alphabet," but I found I needed the alphabet when I took up my Latin Grammar; and so I progressed in learning, and when I went into Greek they called the letters by different names, but I found out at last in the Greek that we needed the alphabet. And on and on as I go I need the alphabet, and when the student shall end his college course and his diploma is given him, why his

very diploma is written in the alphabet; and so the higher he climbs in literature and the higher heights he reaches the more he appreciates the fact that every step of his upward way is made through the alphabet and by the alphabet.

THE ALPHABET OF REPENTANCE.

Well, now, just exactly what the alphabet is to the man of letters, just that repentance is to the man on his way to God. The first religious thing a man ever did in this world was to repent, and as far as I am concerned, I have been repenting every day since I started; and about the last thing I ever want to do is to kneel down in hearty repentance before God and go to Heaven a sinner saved by grace.

Repentance! Well, we'll take the term of the text: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Now, here is a plain, pointed declaration from the lips of God: "If we confess our sins."

I like the term, "confess." It is a very potent significant term in the sense in which this text uses it. "Repentance" cannot mean more than "confession" means in this text. We might understand "repentance" better. We are more familiar with the discussion of that word "repentance," and yet, after all the definitions of "repentance" I have seen in the book, a good old woman gave me the best definition of repentance I ever heard.

TWO DEFINITIONS.

I was out talking with her on religion and she said to me: "Brother, I'll tell you what repentance is."

Said I "What?"

Said she, "It is being so sorry for your meanness that you ain't going to do it any more."

"Well," said I, "you've got it down right for certain."

There's no such definition in the books as that. And she said; "I'll tell you what religion is."

Said I, "What?"

She says it is this: "If God will forgive me for my meanness I won't want to do it any more."

"Well," said I, "Now, you have got the whole question down in a nutshell."

Repentance is this: "I am so sorry for my meanness that I won't do it any more," and religion is, "I am so glad that God is so good to forgive me, that I won't want to do it any more."

Confession! I have noted this fact in my experience; that a man's reformation will always go down as deep and out as broad as his confession is. An honest confession, it is said, is good for the soul, and a man is never willing to confess until he is willing to quit.

THE TEST OF REPENTANCE.

Now, let me illustrate what I mean: You may take any drunkard in St. Louis; let him confess his sins to God and man, let him quit and let him join the church and serve God, and every experience meeting you have that fellow will jump up and say, "Brethren, glory to God! I was saved from a drunkard's grave! I was the worst drunkard that ever lived in St. Louis, and, oh, what a miserable drunken wretch I have been." He has quit. There's another fellow, he hasn't quit—you can tell it by his nose, and you say:

"Friend do you drink?"

"No, sir! I don't know one sort from another. I never drank a drop in my life." (Laughter.)

What's the matter with him? He hasn't quit, you see. And no man is ready to confess until he is ready to quit.

You take a gambler, a notorious gambler, and let him be converted to God and join the church, and all at once he gets up and says: "Brethren, I have been the worst

gambler. I have gambled every day. I have gambled all night many a time. I have led a miserable gambler's life."

Well, you take one of the black-legs of the city now and get him up here and say:

"Do you gamble?"

"No, sir! I don't know one card from another. Never played a game in my life." (Laughter.)

What's the matter with him? He hasn't quit; don't you see?

A SINFUL PECULIARITY.

And there is one peculiarity about sin. It not only makes a fool of a man, but it will make him a fraud. About nine-tenths or eleven-tenths of the lying done in this world is to get out of something we have done that is wrong. Isn't that true? How many men in this house who drink whiskey can stand up and say, "I never told my wife a lie about it in my life?" How many drinking men in St. Louis can stand up and say, "I am a regular steady drinker, but I never told my wife a falsehood about it in my life?" There isn't one drunkard in fifty that will confess to how much he does drink. There isn't one gambler in fifty that will ever confess to God or man the gambler's life that he leads. And the best proof in the world that a man has reformed is the fact of his confessing his guilt before God and man—or to illustrate further:

I recollect that once while I was a pastor, I had two members up in the church for drunkenness. One fellow got up and said he:

"Brethren, I went to town the other day, and I didn't eat any dinner and I took one little drink. It flew to my head and made me sort of tight, and I hope you'll all forgive me."

Well, the church forgave him, but I said as he went out of the door to the brethren:

"That fellow will get drunk again the first time he goes to town!"

They said: "How do you know?"

"Well," said I, "he told two or three lies in his short confession. Did you notice that? He said he just took one little drink, and that wouldn't make anybody but a fool drunk in the first place; and in the second place he said it made him 'sort of tight;' and from all I can hear he was the loosest fellow that has been floating round lately. He told two point-blank lies in one little confession, and," said I, "he'll get drunk again the first time he goes to town again."

And sure enough he did. (Laughter.)

THE OTHER FELLOW.

The other one got up and said:

"Brethren, if I may call you such, I went to town and I made a brute of myself. I disgraced myself and the Christ that I profess." And, said he, "If you all can bear with me and forgive me, I want you to pray for me and help me. I have been begging God to forgive me, and if you can bear with such a wretch as I, I hope you will, and pardon me this time."

I said to them, after he went out:

"I'll go his security. I'll go on his bond almost with my immortality, if such a thing is necessary. He has grit."

"How do you know?" they said.

"Why," said I, "he confessed to the bottom, and when a man gets down to the bottom in his confession he is reformed to the bottom."

BLUBBERING PENITENTS.

Confession! Repentance! It means nothing more than this: "I have quit! I have done!" Repentance don't

mean blubbering and crying. Here's a poor fellow now, who's been getting drunk every day for a month. He comes home at nights blubbering and tells his wife:

"Sho sorry (hie) I got drunk; but—" and it's boo-boo—and cry and cry. "I'm so sorry I got drunk to-day. Wifey, I h-ope you'll for-give me."

And he goes right down town and gets drunk again the next day, and comes home drunk, and he'll blubber and he'll cry. Well, you see, blubbering ain't the thing at all, and his wife gets disgusted with him, and tells him:

"You needn't come round me with your blubbering. I despise it. I despise it. It doesn't amount to anything in the world."

But he comes home sober one evening, and he says, with his eye light and all his senses in full play:

"Wife, I have quit and done now. I'll never drink another drop while God let me live."

Well, he don't blubber about it a bit. That's just what his wife wanted—just waiting for him to quit, that was all. And a man needn't think because he come to Christ snubbing around the altar that "I'm the best penitent they have had," and then go to snubbing and crying. But it's "I have quit, quit." That's it. "I have done with it." Repentance is reformation, and nothing else is repentance except reformation.

NO NEED FOR BLUBBERING.

Suppose you had a boy that was going into wickedness and predigality and intemperance, and going on and on in that, what would you care for your boy coming to you every day or two and shedding tears and saying: "I am so sorry, father, I have done this way." You would just straighten him up and look at him and say: "Son, you needn't come blubbering around me; you just quit, and when you are quit there's no use in blubbering, and you needn't blubber until you quit."

God is my father and I am his child. And what does the Lord want me to do in every sense? Brother, let you and me cease to do evil and learn to do well. Let the wicked man cease his way and the unrighteous man cease his way and come to God and he will pardon him.

NO MYSTERY ABOUT RELIGION.

How much mystery we have wrapped up with this thing we call religion! The Lord wants every guilty man in the world to quit his wickedness, turn away from his sins and then come to God, and he shall have eternal life. The devil don't want any better joke on a preacher than to get up in the pulpit and split a hair a whole mile long between evangelical repentance and legal repentance. (Laughter.) The devil is always glad when he sees a man giving his whole time to that kind of thing. And there is that preacher, and he is defining repentance now, and he is giving the world his views of evangelical repentance and legal repentance. I say to the world—and it is the message of my Lord and Master—"If you want God to take hold of you, you quit! you quit! you quit!"

CHURCH PENITENTS.

Well, many a time we members of the church get very sorry, and we get so sorry we can shed some tears for our past life. Now, let me speak a word to you, brother, sister. There is a brother who is neglecting his family altar; he has let the family altar fires go out and he is neglecting his duty as a father, as a husband, and now he comes up to the Lord here and says: "Oh, Lord! I have been a great sinner. Forgive me for Christ's sake." And he sheds a great many tears, but he don't take up his family prayer, he don't make any repentance in the world. Brother, you need not get up out of your seat, but sit right there and say: "I am sorry I have neglected the family

altar, and, God helping me, I will quit my neglect and follow up my family prayers until God calls me to him."

There is another brother says: "I have not been to a prayer-meeting for a year." Brother, you need not cry about it, but say, "God helping me, I am going to be out here every Wednesday night to the prayer-meeting; else I will send my doctor's certificate to my preacher, and show I was sick abed and couldn't come."

NONSENSE ABOUT FEELING.

We have got theories enough; we have got all sorts of theories, and plenty of theories to run one hundred worlds. What we want now is something practical—something that means something.

A fellow has done wrong, has swindled a customer, and he is feeling awful bad about it—(laughter)—he never felt so bad in his life. Now, brother, it doesn't matter how you feel. Are you willing to take the overplus back home to your brother and say, "Here is what I overcharged you with," or will you keep it? There is something practical about that. I like the sort of feeling a fellow felt when he heard that a neighbour's cow died and he said to the other neighbours: "Oh, how sad it is! I am sorry for it." How sorry do you feel? "Ten dollars' worth to help him get another cow?" I like to see a fellow's sorrow take a turn on him and manifest itself in a practical way, don't you see?

SOMETHING PRACTICAL WANTED.

And that's what's the matter with the world to day. They are looking for a practical test in our Christianity; and they just simply think that religion is confined to the meeting-house and to our connection with the church. Oh, brethren, let us teach this world there is something grander and nobler about religion than simply a few

mysterious theories about a person or a substance. That is it.

Repentance! Confession! I am never troubled much about a man when he says to me, "Jones, I have made up my mind to quit everything that God's book condemns. I will never do it again." I get very hopeful of that sort of a fellow; and when he says to me, "Well, I haven't got any feeling." "Well," said I, "What do you want to talk about feeling for? Who said anything about feeling? The Lord said: 'Let the wicked man forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts.' And here you are, after you know what the Lord wants you to do, you are growling about feeling. Where do you get that idea! Where does that come from?" Brethren, I say to you to-night, if there is nothing in religion but feeling, I haven't got a bit, for if I have any feeling in me to-night I couldn't locate it to save my life.

FEELING AND PRINCIPLE

Feeling! You know the difference between feeling and principle? Yonder is an old sail boat out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and when the wind blows, why, she travels ten miles an hour; but let the wind lull and she will lie there two weeks within one hundred yards of where the wind left her. She don't go anywhere. That is feeling. When the wind blows, off she goes.

What is principle? Yonder is a grand old ocean steamer, and when the wind blows she spreads her sails and works her steam and on she goes, and when the wind lulls the engineer turns his throttle wider open and she goes at the rate of fifteen miles an hour whether the wind blows or not. And that is the difference between principle and feeling. And if I haven't got any more feeling this side of eternity I am going to serve God and do right because it is right, and I won't do wrong because it is wrong. A man that's hunting for feeling!

STRANGE IDEAS FROM THE PULPIT.

And we have taught this world a great many strange ideas about religion from the pulpit. There is a sort of a semi-insidel. He is a little fellow. He has never grown much. But he thinks, "Well, from what I heard the preacher say, there ain't any hope for me. I am shut out of the pale; no hope for me, because I don't believe a heap of things in the Bible," and he thinks he is ruined because he don't. I strike a heap of these little insidels that want religion, and I never struck any of the sort except these small ones. (Laughter.) He says he wants to be a Christian, but don't believe that Jonah swallowed the whale—(laughter)—and he don't believe that the three Hebrew children went into the fiery furnace, and he don't believe in these big fish tales—(laughter)—and I just say to him, "You poor little simple-headed thing, God never said, 'Give me your head,' or 'Give me your feet,' but 'give me your heart,' and God knows your little, old persimmon head is chock full of devilment. He never bothers about your head. He doesn't say, 'Give me your head,' but he says, 'Give me your heart,' and God will comb the kinks out of your head mighty fast if you will just give him your heart." (Laughter.) He is just one of those "end fiddles," as the boys call him, and he just thinks because his little head is chock full of little things for a great many years, that will make the Lord turn away from him in despair.

GOD DOESN'T HATE SINNERS.

Why, brother, when my boy gets wrong notions in his head that don't make me hate my boy. I just turn to him and I say: "My son, if you will submit yourself to my discipline I will promise you a pure life." And I will say this to you: Your head will get right straight when I get your life straight. A man don't do like he believes, but he believes like he does. Don't you see?

Here is a man talking about doubts. I never had anything but doubts in my life. And if you want to get doubt out of your heart, you go right down and pull it up by the roots, and there is a seed at the bottom of that top root, and the name of that seed is sin.

A CURE FOR INFIDELITY.

And I will say to you all to-night that the best cure for infidelity in the earth is for a fellow to just go on living the pure precepts of the Bible and his head will become straight. A man cannot start head foremost towards God. He will strike a hard substance and break his old head. (Laughter.) You start heart foremost—that's the way. A man goes heart foremost toward God—that's the way to go.

God says: "Give me thine heart—give me thine heart." Down in one of the towns in a Southern State a man—some of you know the man if I were to call his name—he got interested in the meeting and came to me and said: "Mr. Jones, I really in my heart want to be a good man, but I don't believe in the divinity of Christ—I can't to save my life—and I want to be a good man."

Said I, "Do you?"

He said, "Yes."

"Well," said I, "to-night when I open the doors of the church, you come up and join the church."

"What!" said he, "me join the church, Mr. Jones, and I don't believe in the divinity of Christ!"

Said I, "Your trouble is your mouth. If you just shut your mouth I will just get you straight in twenty-four hours." (Laughter.)

BOUND TO OBJECT.

"Now," said I, "to-night you come up and join the church."

"Why,"—

11

"Now just listen to that mouth. It has been your trouble all your life and you'll just talk yourself to hell if you don't shut your mouth. (Laughter.) Now," I said, "when I open the doors to-night you come up and say, 'The best I can do is to give my heart to God.'"

"Why, Mr. Jones,"—

"You don't open your mouth. You don't understand. Will you just shut your mouth and I will get you all straight."

"Well," said he, "I can not,"—

"Now," says I, "just listen to that. You will talk yourself into the pit."

And the next day I met him and he said: "Mr. Jones, I have been thinking very seriously of what you said, but my head is not straight; I cannot believe right."

"Well," said I, "You just shut your mouth and go and do just like a Christian ought to do, and you will come out straight."

Well, that night, to my utter astonishment, that fellow came up trembling and joined the church, and said to me the next day:

ANOTHER CONUNDRUM.

"Now, sir, Mr. Jones, when they ask me whether I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord—when they ask me that, what must I say?"

Said I: "You shut your mouth," and said I, "if you won't talk I will get you straight—just shut your mouth for about forty-eight hours." (Laughter.)

And he came through as happy a Christian man as I know in all this land. But it was a hard matter with him. His head was wrong, and he gave his tongue in charge of his head, and he was talking himself to perdition.

Did you ever see an infidel in your life that could sit

still and be quiet when he once got going? That's the way he's going.

Repentance! I will quit! I will quit! I will cease to do evil! I will learn to do good! The best way in the world to get religion is to do, before you get religion, just what you think you will do after you get it.

A GEORGIA INCIDENT.

An incident of that sort happened in Georgia. It is told of one of our best men. He was a married man; he was young, and he came to church one day, and his wife was not with him on that occasion, and when the brother had preached the word he stood up, and that preacher had said in his sermon, "If a man will do before he gets religion like he thinks he will do after he gets it, he will get it." When he was through preaching, the preacher opened the door of the church and this man walked right up and joined the church. He went home and his wife said:

"What sort of a meeting did you have?"

He said: "We had a splendid meeting and I joined the church."

"You joined the church?"

"Yes."

"Have you got religion?"

"No."

"Well, what in the world did you join the church for before you got religion?"

"Well," he said, "the preacher said if I'd do before I got religion like I thought I ought to do after I got religion to come up and join the church, and I joined it."

"Well," she said, "that's a mighty strange way to me."

TRYING IT ON.

That night before going to bed, he said:

"Wife, get the Bible. I'm going to read a chapter and have family prayer."

"What are you going to do that for and you ain't got religion?"

"Well, the preacher said if I wanted to get religion, to do before I got religion as I thought I would do after I got religion, and you know if I was a Christian I'd have family prayers in my house every night."

And the next morning before breakfast he told his wife to get the Bible, and that he was going to pray again, and she said:

"You are the strangest man I ever saw, to pray in your family when you have not got any religion."

And he went on and on, and the next Wednesday night she went to the prayer-meeting with him, and at the prayer-meeting the preacher called on him to pray, and he knelt down and prayed the best he could, and after he got out of church his wife took his arm and she said:

"Ain't you a nice man to pray in public and got no religion. What in the world did you do that for, husband?"

"Well," he said, "the preacher told me if I would do before I got religion as I thought I ought to do after I got religion, I would get religion, and I know that Christians pray in public."

And he just kept right on, on that line for three weeks, and the biggest case of religion broke out on him of any man in all that part of the country. (Laughter.)

LIVING RELIGIOUS IS BEING RELIGIOUS.

A man cannot live religious without being religious, and a man cannot be religious without living religious. It works both ways. It is just as certain that Pine street leads down to Fourth street, and just as certain that the way of grace will take a man to God. Just as certain as the L. and N. Railroad leads from St. Louis to Nashville, just so certain the plain naked test that God imposes on man will take any man to God and Heaven.

I wish we could eliminate everything we call mysterious from religion. We ministers get up in the pulpit and we mystify and bamboozle the world with this thing that we call religion. I used to hear the Christian people get up and talk about the birds singing sweeter and the trees looking brighter and everything like that after they got religion. I just thought it was something, and how magnificent it was, until I read it in a book one day, and I wondered ever since if that old brother got that out of that book. (Laughter.)

If birds sing more sweetly and trees look prettier after a fellow gets religion, I never had religion. Birds always sang sweetly and trees always looked pretty to me. There is not a word in the Book about birds and trees, but there is a heap in there about quitting meanness and learning to do well. There is

THE STORY OF ZACCHAEUS.

Repentance! Repentance! I think I never in my experience as a preacher found a soul that was willing to give up sin, give up all sin, and stay at that point with the white flag run up, that God did not go to that soul. I recollect in my own experience I thought I had cried a heap, and I thought I had mourned a heap, and I went along mourning and crying, and I gave up such sins as I thought I could get along best without—(laughter)—and when I quit crying and mourning and threw my sins down in one bundle I did not go fifteen steps until I was conscious God was my friend and that he was my Saviour. (Amen.) How did they get religion when Christ was on earth? He saw Zaccheus up a sycamore tree. I don't know what he was doing there. But Christ saw him. Zaccheus was a rich fellow, and I expect he had pretty high notions, and. Christ said to him "Come down, Zaccheus, this day salvation has entered your house." And Zaccheus started down

that tree, and got religion somewhere between the lowest limb and the ground. At any rate he had it before he hit the ground. He said: "What I have taken wrongfully from any man I will restore it to him four-fold." He had a good case of religion in him when he hit the ground, there is no doubt of that. (Laughter.)

WALKING GODWARD.

If we repent of our sins, and if you quit doing wrong and determine upon the right, God will meet you. Bishop Marvin said that repentance was "the first conscious movement of the soul from sin towards God," and he said that after a man threw down his sins and walked off from them, no matter in what direction he started, he started Godward, and the further you walked off from sin the closer you got to God, and a man can go back, and gather up his sins and start the other way and every way is hellward and downward. It is not so much the direction you are going in, but what sort of a fellow you are and what you have got along with you.

Repentance! Repentance! I wish I could get you to see, my friend, to-night, that God is the common father of us all, and that God loves the worst of us as much as he loves the best of us. God only asks us to, "cease to do evil and to learn to do well." If we would confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. Well, we need the pardon. We ought to be pardoned, but we need something else besides pardon. We need cleansing from all unrighteousness. Let me illustrate this.

A DIRE DILEMMA.

Yonder is a man in jail. He is sentenced by the court to hang on the third Friday of next month. Now last night he broke out with confluent smallpox. The impending execution is over him and he knows that the third Friday of next month he is going to be hung, and last

night he broke out with confluent smallpox. Now if the doctor cures him he will be hung. If the governor pardons him he will die of smallpox. He is in a bad fix, ain't he? (Laughter.) Can you imagine any worse?

Here is a sinner. If God would pardon me for all my past offences and leave me corrupt in heart, I would just go on and die as inevitably from spiritual disease as that poor criminal will die of smallpox. Now what do I want? Lord God, thou great Governor of the universe, give the pardon for all my past offences, and then cleanse me from all unrighteousness that I may lead a better, nobler and purer life. The man who is simply pardoned and turned loose is just like a swine. You may take and wash the swine from head to foot with Pears' soap, if you please, and it won't be an hour before it is in another mud-hole. And you can take that drunkard out there, wipe out all his past offences, pardon him for every drunk he ever got on, and just watch him stagger to-morrow evening. Now what did he want? He wanted not only pardoning for his past misdoing, but he wanted God Almighty to cleanse his heart and mind so that he would never go into another bar-room or take another drink. Now hear me; I am talking perfectly dispassionately and am perfectly honest with every man of you to-night.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

You take my friend sitting on my right to-night, my friend Small. There he sits, controlled and governed by a passion that was a remorseless as death. It swept through his soul almost with the power of a cyclone. The day after his pardon, the day after he felt "God has forgiven all my past sins," this thirst for drink came on him with all its power and energy, and he went to his room and dropped on his knees and said, "Oh, my God, I can never take a step out of my house; I can never go out on the streets of this city with such an appetite gnawing within

me." He fought there with that appetite for two solid hours, and he said, "God Almighty came down and helped me to struggle with that thirst, and from that moment to this I have never had any desire to take another drink." I believe that just as strongly as I believe that I am here to-night. I have been along there myself.

Now, I want to tell you this old race needs something else besides pardon for the little meannesses it has already committed. This old race needs cleansing, and God has promised that he will not only pardon our past, but that he will cleanse us from all sin. Is there any man here to-night who will say, "God helping me, I will quit; I am done; I know what sin is; I will quit?" If you do that, brother, you have taken the one step that brings you into the latitude where God can get hold of you.

THE PROMISE OF GOD.

"Now, here is a naked promise of God: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us." And now let us put ourselves honestly and squarely on this one promise. The stockmen of the West, in order to prevent the cattle from wading into the pools in their pastures and making the water muddy, have built a rock wall about the pools, and put a platform over the pool, and put a trough on the side of the platform. The trough can not be seen from the outside, and I expect that if an old ox were to rear up and look over the platform, he would tell the others, "There is not a drop of water in that trough. I can see it and there is not a drop of water in it." Mr. Tyndall got up there and looked down, and he said, "There is nothing in it." But that old ox, thirsty for water, walks around the wall and on to that platform, and the pressure of his weight on the platform forces the water, sparkling and gurgling up into the trough, and he drinks and is never dry. Brother, this naked promise of God is right over the pools of the water of life, and these

scientific gentlemen have somehow seen down into the trough and said: "There is not a drop of water in it." They are right about that; but let the poor sinner walk out on the platform, and his weight will force the water of life into the trough, and he drinks and rejoices in the fact that religion is true.

HOW TO TEST RELIGION.

There ain't but one way of testing, and that is like a little fellow whose father said to him: "Son, how does candy taste?" and the little fellow stuck the candy he was eating up to his father's mouth, and replied, "Father, taste for yourself." And hence the good book says: "Taste and see that the Lord is good." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

HOW TO GET RELIGION.

My little Bob, when he was five years old, had more religious sense than I had when I was twenty-four. I went home one day, one Monday, and when I went into the house, I said, "Wife, where are the children?" She said, "Brother George Smith is preaching to the children, and our little fellow was much interested and had to go." And we sat and talked awhile, and directly little Bob came running in. I took him on my lap, and his mother talked to him. She said:

"Robert, what sort of a meeting did you have?"

He said: "We had a good meeting."

"What did you do?"

He said: "Mr. Smith preached a good sermon and asked us to go to the altar."

"Did you go, Bob?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What did you go for?"

"I wanted to have my sins forgiven."

"Did you get them forgiven."

"Yes, ma'am."

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Smith said if we could come up and ask the Lord to do it he would do it."

"Bob, are you going to sin any more?" said his mother.

"Yes'm, I expect I will."

"What will you do then?"

"I will wait until Mr. Smith comes around again and go up again." (Laughter.)

And the little fellow had the whole thing as clearly in his mind as ever any man had.

"I went up to confess my sins."

"Were you forgiven?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"Because God says if a man will confess he will forgive him."

And that is where God brought us when he said: "Except ye be as little children ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

I wish this world could see that all a man need do is to repent of his sins and call on God, and he is a pardoned man right then and there.

THE LAST STORY FOR THE NIGHT.

Now this incident and I will quit. When I was pastor a few years ago of a circuit in Georgia, I had some fifth Sunday appointment. I preached there the fifth Saturday and Sunday. And the fifth Sunday of March I went over there and preached two days. On the Saturday I went home with a gentleman named Gaither, not a member of the church. He was a well-to-do man, and a graduate of Emory College. I talked with him and said:

"Mr. Gaither, you are not a member of the church?"

"No, sir," he said.

"Well," said I, "I want you to join the church to-morrow."

"Why," he says, "Mr. Jones, I cannot join the church. I curse sometimes, and drink a little."

"That is the reason I want you to join."

"Jones, you don't mean to say that you want a man that will curse and drink to join the church?"

"No, but you are a man of honour and integrity, and if you were to promise God you would quit that sort of thing, you would quit it."

But he had made up his mind that he would not join the church until he got religion. Many a fellow has said that he would not know what religion was if he met it in the road. (Laughter.) He would ask the first fellow he met afterward what was that? Oh, me, if a man did not have more common sense than he has religious sense he would die in an asylum. (Laughter.) Good sense on everything else in the world, but when it comes to religion the biggest lawyer and the blackest and most ignorant darkey stand on the same platform.

TWO APPARENTLY HARD CASES.

Directly his wife came out and I said, "I have been trying to get your husband to join the church, and I want you to join."

"I can never commit the sin of joining the church until I get religion," she said.

I had a long conversation with them on the subject, and I thought I had struck about two of the hardest cases I had ever encountered. I went and preached the next day at 11 o'clock, and on the conclusion of that sermon that man and his wife and eight or ten others walked right up and joined the church. That was the fifth Sunday in March. On the fifth Sunday in July I was back there preaching

three days. On Saturday night wife was with me, and she and the wife of Mr. Gaither went round in the carriage and he and myself walked through the fields. We were walking along, talking, and the moon was shining brightly, and I said:

"Brother Gaither, old Watt is doing his whole duty"—that was Gaither's brother-in-law, who had also joined the church.

"Yes," was the reply.

"He can't be religious unless he is doing his whole duty," I said.

"Can any man?" he asked.

"Old Watt cannot appear to be religious unless he does his whole duty," I said. Old Watt was a drinking, gambling, bad fellow when he came into the church, but he came all over and taught Sunday-school, worked as class-leader, and became Sunday-school superintendent, doing his whole duty and loving religion.

A GLORIOUS MOMENT.

Mr. Gaither said: "Yes. Now, what is there in appearances. I have been in the church three months and I have no more religion than that horse pulling our wives to church." He said: "I have not cursed any or drank any since I joined the church; but I am tired of being a member of the church without religion." He said: "If you want me to pray to-night I will do my best. If you want me to teach Sunday-school I'll do it. I am going to pray night and morning until I get religion. I am going to do it. I want to do my whole duty until I get religion," and suddenly shouting, he said: "Glory to God, I have got it right here." (Laughter and applause).

That is the secret of the whole thing, brother. (Amen). That is the secret of the whole thing. Oh that I could just get men to see how merciful God is to the man that wants to do the clean thing.

THE LAST APPEAL.

Now, my brother, my friend, God loves you, and all God asks of any man is that you "Cease to do evil and learn to do well." And follow in the footsteps of him who loved you and gave his life for you and died for you. That's it. And there is no mystery about it. There is no mystery about it. When an army official advertises the conditions on which he will receive a regular soldier into the army there is no more mystery about those conditions than when God advertises to the world how he will receive men and women into his kingdom on earth and into his kingdom in heaven. And turn your minds and thoughts away from the mysteries connected with religion, and just take hold of the plain, practical facts of Christianity and say: "I know right's right and I will do it; and I know wrong is wrong, and I will quit it." Turn your life to God, and he will have mercy on you and pardon you. Will you do it? God help every man not in sympathy with God to-night to say: "Whatever others may do, as for me I am going from this day to trust in my Maker to guide me in the way of everlasting life and peace."

A CALL TO PENITENTS.

I am going to pronounce the benediction in a moment, and if any man here to-night—and I never was more serious in any talk I have made in my life—if you want to be good men and turn away from your sins and be a Christian, will you stay here after the service a few minutes and let the world see and let the world know that "here is one man willing to forsake his sin and come to God?" Will you do that? No more serious proposition was ever made to you, and God's own word shows us that "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

My brethren and friends, in all love and kindness I say,
"Will you stay with us in the after-service to-night, and
some of you Christian men and women stay and let us
talk over these immortal things!"

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

God help you to night to surrender to God and throw
down your wrongs and do the right from this day until
you die.



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SERMON II.

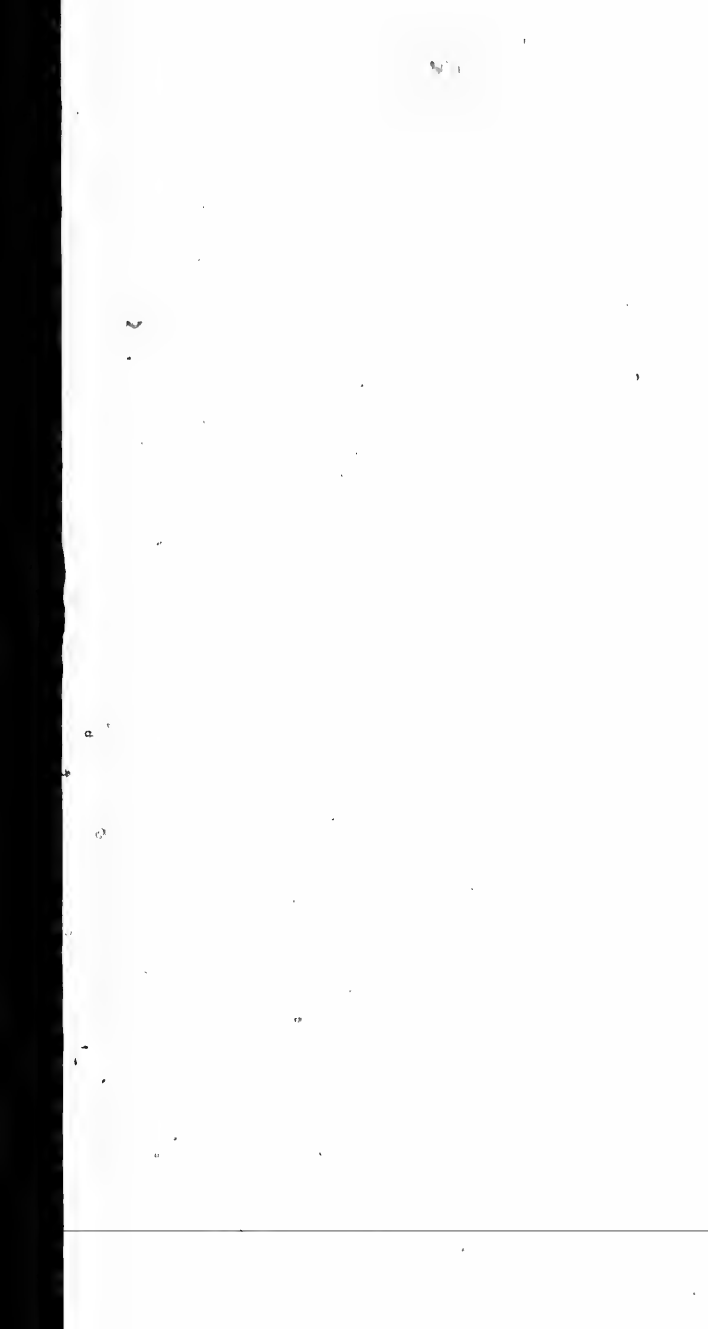
WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—REVELATION, xii. 17.

YOU see I get this text from the last page of this blessed book. This is God's last message to man. And for fear that something might be added to, or that something might be taken from, the Scripture, God puts this fearful admonition. He says: "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book. If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life and from the things that are written in this book." I am glad that God winds up his revelation to man with this gracious verse: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

GOD'S LATEST WORD TO MAN.

If I have been corresponding with a friend on any given subject, and he has written me a dozen or a hundred let-



ters upon that subject—if I want to find his mind now concerning that, I will turn to the last letter received from him, the one bearing the most recent date. And now, if I would know God's will concerning the race of man, I won't run back over Genesis or Deuteronomy or the Prophecies of Isaiah or the Epistle to the Romans by St. Paul. When I want to find out what were the concluding words, the last message of God to man, I run through the book, and I see God's last message, and I see the fearful warning added: "Don't any man take away these words. If he does, I will take away his part out of the book of life. And if any man shall add anything to this book which shall make it so that these are not my last words, then I will add unto him the plagues that are written in the book." And after all the fearful warnings and judgments and denunciations of the Scripture, thanks be to God, this is his last message to man: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

SOME GRAND DAYS.

It was a grand day in the world's history when the evening and the morning were the seventh day, and the Son of God and the angels shouted over a finished world. It was a grand day in the world's history when Adam and Eve, the first pair, stood before God, with their reason clear and perfect, unruffled by passion, unclouded by prejudice and unimpaired by disease. It was a grand conception to them as they looked out over a finished world and said that the flowers were God's thought in bloom; that the rivers were God's thought imbedded; that the mountains were God's thought piled up, and that the dewdrops were his thoughts in pearl as they mingle in loving tenderness and join together on the leaf of the rose. And wherever man looked about him, all nature in its

beauty and freshness whispered back, "The hand that made me is divine. It was a grand day in the world's history when it was announced through the moral universe of God that man had violated the law of God and had brought misery and woe upon himself and upon his progeny forever. It was a grand day in the world's history when God met the fallen and degenerate pair and said to Eve: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." It was a grand day in the world's history when the last strong swimmer sank beneath the flood and left Noah in his ark with his three sons and their wives, and two of all sorts to perpetuate the race upon the face of the earth. It was a grand day in this world's history when Pharaoh and his hosts and all of his chariots and men were swallowed up and engulfed by the Red Sea. It was a grand day in this world's history when a burning hail fell on Sodom and Gomorrah and all the plains thereof, and destroyed the cities of the plain. It was a grand day in this world's history when 185,000 soldiers, under the blast of an archangel's wing, were wrapt in their winding sheets. It was a grand day in this world's history, when on Korah and Dathan and Abiram, and their wicked company, the earth burst open and swallowed them up out of the sight of men.

THE NEW SAVIOUR.

It was a grander day in the world's history when the old prophet of God stood on the hills of Judea with his spark in hand and let its beneficent rays shine down through seven centuries, and his voice was heard through the seven centuries, saying: "Simeon and Anna, prepare the cradle to rock the babe of Bethlehem." It was a grand day in this world's history when the star poised itself over the manger of Bethlehem, and when the wise men gathered about the babe of Bethlehem. There they looked upon an everlasting God lying asleep in Mary's arms, and

the King of Angels and God over all, blessed for evermore, as he was carried about in a virgin's arms, as they looked upon the King of Angels, the carpenter's despised boy. It was a grand day in this world's history when, at twelve years of age, this God-man surprised all the wisdom of Jerusalem by his forethought and by his intelligence. It was a grand day in this world's history when the Son of God notified his disciples, to whom he had been sent from the Father: "I put you on notice that I must be crucified, dead, and that I will arise again on the third day." It was a grand day in the world's history when he hung there suspended between two thieves and cried out with a loud voice: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" It was a grand day in the world's history when they buried this sacrifice yonder in the grave of Joseph, and put the seal of the Roman government upon it, and put sturdy Roman soldiers around it to guard it.

THE SACRIFICE ACCEPTED.

It was a grand day in the world's history when on the morning of the third day God summoned an angel to his side, because Christ himself had announced the fact, "I am the sacrifice. I go to die for the world." And now the only question with his disciples and with all humanity is, "Will God accept the sacrifice?" He has suffered, bled, died. He is buried. Will he ever rise again? Will God accept the sacrifice?

It was on the morning of the third day that God summoned an angel to his side and told him to go to earth as swift as morning light and roll away the stone from the grave, and when he made his appearance there at the grave and rolled away the stone, and the Son of God stood up in the sepulchre and took the napkins from his jaws and the grave clothes from his body, and folded them up and laid them to one side, and walked forth from the tomb, the first fruits of the resurrection, then God accepted the

sacrifice, and grasped the stylus in his own hand and signed the magna charta of man's salvation. And ever since that God-blessed moment it has been written: "Whosoever liveth and believeth shall never die."

It was a grand day in the world's history when the Saviour of man stood yonder, surrounded by a company of five hundred, and a chariot descended from the skies, and he stepped into the chariot and above star and moon he disappeared until it overvaulted the very throne of God itself. And as they stood gazing into heaven, an angel flew back to earth and shouted aloud to them: "Why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? As ye have seen the Son of Man ascending, so he shall descend at the last day to judge the world on righteousness."

THE COMFORTER.

That was a grand day in this world's history when the one hundred and twenty gathered in that upper room, that upper chamber yonder, in Jerusalem. And they had prayed the first day and the second day and the third day and on until the tenth day. They were praying for the imbuelement of power from on high. Christ had told them: "Tarry ye here at Jerusalem until ye are imbued with power from on high. It is expedient for you that I go away. After I go away the Comforter will come, the Holy Ghost. He will come to the world." I have often thought that that expression: "Jesus said it is expedient." "The best thing I can do for you is to leave the world and go home to the Father, and then the Spirit will come."

"Master, can there be anything better than thy presence? Thou art the bread of life to us. Thou art the water of life to us. Thou art the door by which if any man enter he shall go in and eat and find pasture. Thou art the truth and the way to life. Master, is it expedient, is it best that thou go away?"

He said: "It is expedient that I go to the Father." And on the morning of the tenth day, as that company gathered and prayed in that upper chamber, the Holy Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the third person of the adorable Trinity, flew right through the wounded side of the Son of God and laved his wings in that precious blood, and flew down to earth and rushed in upon that company and filled the room like a rushing, mighty wind; and Peter opened the door and the company followed him down upon the streets of Jerusalem, and there, on the morning of the tenth day, he preached that memorable sermon in Jerusalem that won 3,000 souls to Christ—more conversions to Peter in that one sermon than Christ had in all his ministry. And Christ knew what he was talking about when he said: "It is expedient for you that I shall go away. If I go away the Comforter will come and the Spirit shall come."

THE WOOING OF THE SPIRIT.

That Spirit is the third person of the adorable Trinity. God gave the Son and the Son comes to suffer, die and to arise again. And now the Spirit comes to woo and beseech and implore and enlighten and convict and convert the world to God. It seemed like after God had loved the race and called them to him and they had wandered off, that they would have died without excuse, but God sent his Son to live among us and to die for us and to preach to us and to instruct us, and if he had stopped at that, man would have died without excuse. But he didn't stop there. And now the Holy Ghost comes into the world—the third person of the adorable Trinity, and every good resolution we ever have, and every good that ever inspired us, and every good deed ever done, we owe it all to the inspiration and blessed influence of the Holy Spirit of God.

Oh, thank God ! we have an ever-present, omniscient, omnipresent God with us to-night. When I bid wife and children "good-bye" at home, God boards the train with me, and he is with me all the weary miles of my road from home. And then I am conscious God is at home with my family, and when I come into the Christian homes of St. Louis I find God present in every Christian home, and that God is with the missionary in China, and God is with thousands and millions of pulpits on-earth. No wonder the blessed Christ said : "It is expedient for you that I go away. I will send the Comforter."

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

Oh, brother, sister, hear me to-night ! Is there in your soul the desire to be good ? Is there a purpose to be good ? Is there a resolution to be good ? It was born under the touch of the Divine Spirit upon these cold, dead hearts of ours. And the Spirit comes to woo. He comes to teach. He comes to implore. For when he shall come he will reprove the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgement to come.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In all these hearts of ours.

Help us to walk close with God ! Help us, Divine Spirit, ever to be tender and impressible ! Help us ever to hear and heed the Gospel of the Son of God ! The Divine Spirit broods over the congregation to-night. He touched your heart to-day. He touched your heart last night and day before yesterday. He has touched a thousand hearts or more, and called them to a better life in the last few days in this city. And the most fearful sin that you may commit is to wound the Spirit of God, to drive him out of your heart, and to drive him away from

your presence. The book says: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT.

You may laugh at me. You may deride me. You may scoff at the church. You may defy God, and you may crucify my Saviour afresh, and put him to open shame, but I warn you to-night. Take heed how you trifle with the Spirit of all grace! I have seen men reject and insult the Divine Spirit, until I could almost hear the Spirit of God as he closed the gates of Heaven forever in an immortal spirit's face. My friend, to-night, if there is in your soul the desire to be a Christian, nurse it, foster it, shield it. Keep it there, and pray God to fan the spark into a living flame that shall burn on and on when the stars have gone and the moon shall turn to blood. Let's you and I pray for this, and whatever others may do, God help us to be impressible and movable under the Divine Spirit of grace.

"The Spirit says, Come." The third person of the ever adorable Trinity is the active agency in the world to-day to teach men, to move men, to stir men and use men, and but for his divine presence with me as I preach the gospel, I declare to the fact that I would never have the heart to take another text in this world. Oh, how many struggles the earnest preacher may have in the world! God only knows the burdens that I have carried on my own poor head since I landed in your city. God only knows the wakeful hours, the tears, and the prayers that have gone up from my poor heart, and I say: "God save the city! God arouse the city! God save our young men! God save our young women! God save the fathers and mothers in this city!" And I can almost hear God as he whispers back: "I'll be with you. I'll stand by you." And when the din and smoke of the battle has blown away, you

will find that I have been your friend through the thickest of the fight, and all God asks of the Christian people of St. Louis to-night is to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. God arouse you! And God help his church in St. Louis to heed the wooing of the Spirit, and come to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. "The Spirit says, Come."

THE SPIRIT'S BERECHING ENTREATY.

Well, if God had stopped at the point—given his Son, and sent his Spirit to woo men—we would have died without excuse. But God pushes his work on and on and on until he shall say to a guilty world: "What more could I have done to my vineyard than I have not already done?" God will never leave a stone unturned; God will never leave an effort unput forth as long as man is out of hell and out of the grave. And I tell you, my congregation, to-night, I know God is in earnest about the salvation of man, and I have felt thousands of times that the worst of sinners would rejoice if they were to see his face. God help men to look up to-night and see their Father's face, with all the love of his heart as it beams forth, and hear his voice as he calls them to the better life. God loves you, and he has given you every manifestation of his love. He tells you in his blessed book: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

SPARKS OF DIVINE LOVE.

I have seen a mother as she followed a wayward boy on and on and on to the very brink of hell, and when the son made his final leap from his mother's arms she took his poor body and buried it, and would go to his grave and water it with her tears day after day. Oh, how that mother's heart clung to that wayward boy! I have seen the wife, when every friend in the world had

forsaken her husband, and all mankind scoffed him away from their presence—when he would come home drunken and debauched and ruined, his precious wife would meet him at the front gate and help him up the steps, and help him into the room and carry him to the bed and pull off his muddy shoes and bathe his fevered face and imprint the kiss of love and fidelity upon his dissipated cheek. Oh, why did wife do that? Why does mother do that? It is just a little of the nature of God poured into that mother's heart and that wife's heart that makes her love and cling to that son and to that husband as she does. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then God will take me up."

THE MOTHERHOOD OF GOD.

The sweetest thought in God's word to me is the place where we are taught the motherhood of God. God is not only my father, but God is my mother, too, in all his loving kindnesses and tender mercies to us. Oh, my Father! my Father! with the rod of correction, and with the stern words of advice, I look to thee in admiration and love; and oh, God, my precious mother, I run to thy arms! Thou art my mother, I love thee with all my heart. "And the Spirit says, Come!"

Oh, God! Thou art interested for us and thou art interested in us. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come." God did not stop with that. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come."

The Church of God is the bride of the Lamb. I wish we were wrapped in white waiting for the bridegroom. Oh, how I wish we had always lived, and always been faithful to our bridegroom! He said: "I go to prepare a place for you."

THE UNFAITHFUL BRIDE.

You see that young man yonder. He has plighted his vows to a young lady, and he bids her good-bye for a

short time—"I am going West; I am going West to prepare our fortune and build our house and have everything ready." Brethren, that young lady, instead of being faithful to that earnest, laborious young man preparing good things for her, is flirting with her betrothed husband's enemies and associating with those that despise her husband. God forgive the unfaithful girl. And while Christ is, by his divine power and infinite wisdom, exhausting all the riches and glories of heaven preparing for us, his bride, here we are consorting with his enemies and flirting with the gay and giddy godless ones of the world. Precious Saviour! forgive us, forgive us! We will not associate with the godless any longer. "The bride says, Come!"

A GOOD WORD FOR THE CHURCH.

I wish we lived better. But there is one thing I have found out—we know we have been unfaithful; we know we have not been what we ought to have been. But one thing I can say and tell the truth—the Church of God Almighty has not lost her interest in sinners and in the world. For over one thousand years the church has been on her knees and praying for sinners, and the message of the Church of God is a God-given message. "Come thou and go with us and we'll do thee good, for the Lord has promised good concerning us." You have cursed the church and abused the church, and bemeaned the church and called them hypocrites, but do you want to see whether the church loves you or not? If the worst old sinner in St. Louis would come with streaming eyes and say to the Church of God, "Men and brethren, pray for me. I want to join your company and go with you to Heaven." I see the church in a minute, as her tears come flowing down to the earth and she lifts her hand to God, and she says, "Blessed be God! Another sinner coming to repentance and coming to life." The old

Church of God does love the world, and she has been praying for the world in all its ages, and while we have forgotten a thousand things, and neglected a thousand things, thanks be unto God, we have never neglected to pray for you, my fellow-citizens. There is not a day or night in St. Louis that in the Church of God her best men and women are not on their knees praying, "God save the wicked of the city and save the fallen of humanity;" and the cry of the church and the song of the church is, "Rescue the perishing and save the fallen."

THANK GOD FOR THE CHURCH.

Thank God for the old church. She has been worth all the world to me. I know now I should have wandered a poor, motherless orphan if it had not been for the Church of Jesus Christ. She has been so good to me! Oh, she has been a mother in the best sense to me. I never joined the church because I thought I could help it along, but I joined the church that it might take me, a poor babe, in its arms, and nurture me and feed me and take care of me; and, whatever the church has been to others, I can say of God's church to-night, they have given me my meat and my drink, and they have been friends and brothers to me.

Oh, friend, you will never know what you have missed by staying out of the pale of the Church of God, and I beg you to hear the voice of the Church of God as it cries to-night: "Come thou and go with us, and we'll do thee good." Won't you come? Won't you come?

The Church of God, with her Bibles and missionaries and preachers and consecrated ministry and good women and men on earth, with her churches and Sabbath-schools, and her prayer-meetings and family altars—they all cry aloud and say: "Come thou and go with us, and we'll do thee good."

HIM THAT HEARETH.

"The Spirit and the bride say, 'Come.' It looks like if God had stopped there we'd have died without excuse. It goes further—" And the Spirit and the bride say, Come, let him that heareth say, Come." Oh, blessed thought! blessed thought! A man need not wait until he comes into the church before he says to those around him, "Come, thou, and go with us. * * Let him that heareth say, Come."

We get this figure from the caravan crossing the desert. When the water is all given out on the desert and man and beast are famishing for water, then they hold a council and they start one on ahead hurriedly, and in about five minutes they start another, just so as to keep him in sound of the front one's voice, and in five minutes more they start another, and on and on until they are stretched out on the plains for miles, and finally the head man finds the oasis, and he halloes back: "Water, I have found it!" to the next man, and the next man voices it on down the line, and on and on until the caravan hears the cry, "We have found it! Water! Water! We have found it!" And they hear the welcome news and press on with all their might, that they may slake their thirst and preserve their lives.

THE APPLICATION.

And all the way from Heaven to earth God has strung out a line, and he shouts it from his own lips in Heaven, and we catch it up and pass it on and on until we shout at the very gates of Hell, "Come! Come! Come! and let him that heareth say, Come!"

If you ever heard the gospel, preach it to somebody else and say, "Come on! Let's go and live right and do right and get to Heaven." "Let him that heareth say, Come!" Let each man be a power that will echo the call, and on and on down the line.

Once one of our little boys ran up a stairway calling his little brother, and as he said, "Buddie Paul!" something up stairs echoed it back, "Buddie Paul!" He ran down to his mother and said, "Mamma, what is that upstairs that said, 'Buddie Paul' every time I said 'Buddie Paul'?" and his mother explained it by telling him that it was the echo of his voice—the walls of the room above echoing his voice back. And, brother, when God shouts from Heaven, let every man be the sounding board that will pass it on and on until this whole universe shall hear the glad word: "Let whosoever heareth say, Come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "Let him that heareth say, Come."

OUTSIDE WORKERS.

Why, I have often known men to go to work before the word got to them. They have gone around among their friends, saying, "Boys, look a-here! we have not done right. Suppose we go to church and give our hearts to God and live religious!"—and how many men have been brought to Christ by men who were not religious?

When I was in Jackson, Tennessee, I was met by the mayor of the city and other gentlemen, and they said to me, "We were going to your room to see you. We have a friend in this town that we want you to talk to. We want him to be saved."

Said I, "Gentlemen, I am glad to find you interested; but," said I, "gentlemen, are you Christians? Members of the church?"

"No, Mr. Jones, we are sorry we are not. We are not Christians, but we feel an interest in our friend."

"Well," said I, "God says that when a kingdom is divided against itself it cannot stand. And Satan's kingdom is divided in this very town. His very servants are going to the ministers of God and asking them to go and see their friends."

NEARING THE KINGDOM.

When a man is interested and says, "Boys, let's do better," that man is not very far from the Kingdom of God. He has just put his foot over the line, and all he has got to do is to put it down, and one other step and he is in the Kingdom of God. "Let him that heareth say, Come."

There are five hundred men and women here to-night that are just putting their foot over the dividing line, and all you've got to do is to put that foot down and bring the other foot even with it and you are in the Kingdom of God, a saved man, saved forever and forever. Will you put your foot down to-night and say, "God helping me, I will give myself to God; I won't stand here any longer!" "Let him that heareth say, Come."

And then he said:

FOR THE THIRSTY SOUL.

"And let him that is athirst come." Whether you have heard anything or not, God bless you, the call is to you. If there is down in your soul a thirst, a hunger for a better life, God stood with one hand and touched your heart and made it hunger and made it thirst, and then he stood with the other hand loaded with the bread and with the water of life, and he quenched that thirsty soul's thirst forever. Blessed be God! He stands ready to quench thirst and to appease hunger to-night, and he is going all over St. Louis with one hand laden with the bread of life, and the other with the water of life, and the hungriest man will be the first man to get it; and I tell you, hungry man, to-night, when God rings the dinner bell of grace, throw down your hearts and come in, dinner is ready to eat and satisfy your longing needs forever. "Let him that is athirst come."



If down in your soul there is a desire to be a good man, start to-night—start to-night. If there is a hungering for a better life, God says: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Then he says again: "Oh, how far down the line God brings this to us!" He brings it right down to where he throws heaven and hell at every man's feet, and tells him to take his choice. Now he says:

WHOSOEVER WILL.

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." I like that grand "whosoever" there. I have read a heap. Oh, I have read a great deal about election, but I think I have found out from God's word what you mean by election. The "elect" are the "whosoever-wills," and the "non-elect" are the "whosoever-wonts." Now, which side will you take—the elect or the whosoever-wills, or the non-elect or the whosoever-wonts? "Elect," whosoever will. Thank God for that grand old word, and thank God that as the ages wear away men see God in nature, and see God in all his goodness, and see God in his books. Preachers are coming closer to that grand old word every day, and I verily believe that I shall live to see the day when every pulpit in this world will be bottomed on that grand old "whosoever will," and there they will stand and preach the Gospel of the Son of God. "Whosoever will."

ANOTHER STORY.

That reminds me of the penitent down in Georgia at the altar. He was agonizing, praying. The preacher went up to him, trying to encourage him, and, "Well," he said, "I am not one of the elect, I am one of the reprobates; I feel it all over"—and I don't reckon a poor soul ever did try to seek God that the devil didn't slip up with something of that sort—"You are one of the reprobates; God

never died to save you"—and there he was in agony, and the preacher said to him:

"Well, my brother, listen to me a minute. Now," said he, "if you could see your name, 'James B. Green,' written upon the Lamb's book this minute, would you believe then Christ died for you and you were one of the elect?"

The poor fellow thought a moment and he said, "No, sir. There are other people in this world of my name." (Laughter.)

"Well," said the preacher, "if you could see it, 'James B. Green, Scriven County, Ga.,' would you believe it was you then?"

"Well," he says, "there may have been other people of my name in this county before I was born. I don't know."

"Well," said he, "if you could see it, 'James B. Green, Scriven County, Ga.,' and the year, '1867,' would you believe it was you?"

"Well," he said, "it may be there is somebody in this county now of my name."

"Well," said he, "if you could see it, 'James B. Green, of Scriven County, and the Nineteenth District, and the year '67,' would you believe it was you?"

"Well," he says, "I could not know definitely."

"Now," said he, "my friend, God Almighty saw all that trouble, and he just put it into one word and he said: 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'"

And the poor fellow jumped up and clapped his hands and said, "Thank God! I know that means me."

A UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

"And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Blessed be God! It is for all of us. It is for all of us. "Whosoever will." Listen brother. It ain't "Whosoever feels," it ain't "Whosoever is fit," it ain't "Whosoever has repented," it ain't "Whosoever has got faith," it

ain't "Whosoever does this or that or the other," but it is, "Whosoever will—will—will."

LEFT TO THE HUMAN WILL.

God throws it all on the will, and I am glad he does. I know God traverses my emotional nature, and runs through hope and fear and desire and anxiety and dread and temptation. God runs all through my emotional nature and my sensibilities. God goes as he pleases through my sensibilities. When God reaches intellect he goes up through perception and conception and judgment and memory and reason and all the faculties of the mind. God goes through them all and asks me no questions. But when God goes to the door of the human will, he stands on tip-toe and knocks, and says: "Behold I stand at the door and knock, and if any man will open unto me I will come in and sup with him and he shall sup with me." Thank God, it is "whosoever will." If you will, God will; and I say to-night God don't say "whosoever feels," or whosoever says this or that or the other, but he throws it all on your will as a man, and says: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." And I like the conclusion: "Let him take the water of life freely." Blessed be God, ye thirsty men can drink, and there is enough for to-day, enough for all of us, enough forever and evermore. Come and drink freely.

"LET" HIM COME.

And there is another little word in there I like, that little word "let." "Let him take the water of life freely."

Six thousand years ago God said: "Let there be light," and there was light. It was a word of command, and God looks out upon a famishing race with the water of life in reach, and he says: "Let him come;" and when

God says "Let him come," he says, "Go behind him, powers and principalities, and clear the way. Let him take the water of life freely." God has taken down the mountains and filled up the valleys, and made you a straight and even and smooth way, so that you can drink and live forever, and if you perish you perish because you will not live. God never suffered a soul to be captured and carried away by the enemy of souls and will never suffer you to die; as long as you look to Christ or lean to Christ or pray to Christ, God will not suffer you to die. God never suffered the devil to take possession of an immortal soul and drag it down to Hell until that soul had walked up to the feet of the devil and stacked its arms, and said: "I surrender forever." Then God's own arm and power can never rescue you. God help you to-night to say: "God's goodness leadeth me to repentance, and I intend to lead a better life."

THE LAST APPEAL.

Now, before we leave this audience room, how many men in the church or out of the church will stand up to-night and say: "I will get closer to God, and drink more of the water of life, God being my helper." And I hope every man and woman in this house will long to-night for the better life, with the sweet assurance that God will reach down and give them that for which they seek. Now every man and woman here to-night that will stand on their feet and by standing up say: "I will drink more freely of that water, and eat more of that bread. I will get closer to God. I will get closer to God." Now every man of you that feels that way stand up, and say, "Here is one! Here is one!" Now we will see how many here to-night, in the church or out of it, that will make this declaration.

(The vast audience rose in a body.)

To-morrow night come out and let us bring souls to

Christ. If any one wants to converse on religion to-night we will talk and sing and pray with you, and may God bless you and save your souls. Amen. Stay, friends, if you want to be saved. And now may the blessing of God abide with you forever and ever. Amen.





SERMON III.

CHRISTIANS SHOULD WIN SOULS.

"But watch, thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."—II TIMOTHY, 3. 6.

NOW, brethren and friends, let us, by prayer and faith, make this truly a spiritual service. I saw this morning in prayer and faith, looking to God, a bright streak in the moral heavens, and the sun has almost risen upon us. I have never preached more honestly and faithfully anywhere than I have here. This is the hardest rock into which I have ever put my drill as a preacher. But, thank God, at each tap of the hammer the drill has gone down a little, and if you as Christian people, will put the pressure on the drill until we get to where God shall put in the blast for us, you will see such a moral upheaval as you have never seen in this city. There is a sense in which one victory will help us some other to win, but I never won anywhere, in the gospel sense, until I was defeated. God will not glorify any man or suffer a man to glorify himself, or suffer anything else to glorify a man. It is all of God. There are many things on the human side of the question God is always willing to do, but there are many things on the human side of the question that are enough to rejoice our hearts.

AN AFTERNOON INCIDENT.

Some faithful preachers in the service this afternoon have been spending sleepless hours over the fallen back-slidden state of a great many members of the church and the godless estate of the city. They have been praying every day. This afternoon these preachers went to Dr. Brookes's home and said, "Doctor, Sunday night with all the force we have, we want to unite at your church and carry this work on." Dr. Brookes looked in the face of the brethren. Said he, "God sent you here, and," said he, "all the power of my head and heart and all shall be with you." God has people here. There are 7,000, or may be 10,000, or may be 20,000 in this city that have not bowed the knee to Baal. I tell you, brethren, one of these can chase 1,000 and two can put 10,000 to flight. God bless the grand old Presbyterian Church of this city. God bless the Baptist Church of this city. God bless the Congregational Church of this city. God bless every church that bears the name of Christ, and bring us with one accord together in our movements against the sins and wickedness of this city. And I tell you, when you unite every Christian heart and every Christian hand and every Christian mouth in this city, all to work against the world, the flesh, and the devil, you have got a big job then. You have got a big job on your hands then.

A CALL FOR MORE FAITH.

Now, brethren, let your faith be inspired and let us look up to God, and let us pray to God Almighty to carry on this work. (Amen.) One of the preachers got up this afternoon, and said he: "Brethren, this work will not fail. It can not fail, and I tell you what, as Christian people and members of the Church, it won't do now for us to fail." Said he, "failure now will imperil things here.

"We can't afford it." Said he, "This town is waked up. I have been on 'Change, I have been on the street, and they are talking it from one side to the other," and one of two gentlemen said to me this afternoon, said he, "I heard their conversation about talking it on the street cars and everywhere, and," said he, "we took a street car, and sure enough, the conversation turned on this subject, the subject of the meeting." Well, God is in the movement. I believe God is. And if God is in the movement, and the forces are wisely directed, you'll see such a moral upheaval in this city as will put religion on top, and that is what we want. God knows we have been kicked and cuffed about long enough. God knows that we have been at the bottom a long time. God knows we ought to get up and shake the dust off of ourselves and be somebody in this universe around us. It looks that way.

THE TEXT.

Now, to this end, as the good old preacher said in his sermon, we take the text, the fifth verse of the fourth chapter and the last chapter of St. Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy: "But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." That is what St. Paul said to Timothy, and then he said: "For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand." "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Now in the verse, the text which we read, St. Paul said four things to Timothy: and these words we might denominate the dying words of St. Paul—the last words of one of the greatest men God ever made. And these words were said to Timothy, his own son in the gospel. I

have been frequently touched by reading the words of St. Paul to Timothy. I have seen the fatherly interest and the tender, watchful care that St. Paul bestowed upon Timothy, his own son in the gospel; and now that they have had their last conversation, as they have preached and laboured and ate and walked and talked together for the last time, and as all earthly association and communion is cut off forever, as St. Paul is about to pass to his reward, he says he has something to say to Timothy—the last words of Paul to Timothy.

THE VALUE OF LAST WORDS.

How the last words of a dying neighbour impress us, and how the last words of a good father fasten themselves upon us! How the last words of a good mother are cherished by us! We can forget a thousand things father said while he lived, but we can never forget the last words of a good father. We forget a thousand things mother said in life and health, but the last words of a precious mother linger with us like the memory of a precious dream. The last words of Paul to Timothy, and through Timothy to us! And oh, how much St. Paul compassed in these three lines. The first thing he said to Timothy was this: "Watch thou in all things."

If there ever was a day in the world's history when the people of God ought to be vigilant and watchful, it is now. This watchful spirit is the sentinel of the soul—the sentinel on the outpost. I am commanded to be vigilant, to be watchful, because my adversary, the devil, is going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. I am commanded to be vigilant and to be watchful, because I wrestle not simply with flesh and blood but with powers and principalities and spiritual wickedness in high places. "Watch thou in all things."

Gen. Washington said whenever danger was imminent and the enemy was near by: "Put no one but Americans

on the outpost to-night." And now while enemies surround us on all sides and press upon us in every direction, is it not best that we put none but the most vigilant souls upon the watch-tower and that we put the sentinels that belong to our own souls on the outposts, the most faithful.

BE VIGILANT !

"Watch thou in all things." It was death for a sentinel to sleep at his post. Do you wonder why they were so severe on poor fellows for going to sleep out on post? I'll tell you why. The safety, the peace, the life of 60,000 men are in the hands of that sentinel out there on the outpost, and for him to go to sleep on post means to have the enemy charge upon a camp of sleeping soldiers and butcher them in their bunks. No wonder the general says to his sentinel on the post: "It is death to go to sleep on the outpost there." And I tell you another thing, the way God talks to us, it is mighty near death to you and death to me if we shall ever forget to obey the text and fail to be watchful.

Another scriptural term for this same expression or thought is this: "Walk circumspectly." Now, that word "circumspectly" is a Latin derived word, a compound word. It means "Walk, looking around you." The Indian walking in the primeval forests of this country, inhabited by all kinds of wild beasts and reptiles, walked with perfect safety, because he walked circumspectly. The Indian bade his squaw and his children good-bye in the morning and went into the wild forests inhabited by wild beasts and reptiles, and they did not think of his safety. They knew that if the enemy approached him from the right, he saw him. If the enemy came from the front he saw him. To the left, he saw him. If he approached from the rear, his keen sense of hearing and seeing detected it. If it was a wild beast crouched on a limb above his pathway, he saw him. If it was a

hissing serpent underneath on his pathway, he saw him. And the Indian walked in perfect safety, because he walked circumspectly.

HOW TO WALK CIRCUMSPECTLY.

Circumspectly! A man walking along and looking ahead of him is not walking circumspectly. A man who just looks to the right and looks ahead is not walking circumspectly. If a man looks on both sides and to the front he is not walking circumspectly. If a man looks to the rear and in front and on both sides, he is not walking circumspectly. If a man looks above him and in front and on both sides and to the rear, he is not walking circumspectly; but if he look above and beneath and in front and to the right and to the left and in the rear, and in walking looks around both ways, and all ways, then he is walking circumspectly, looking in every direction.

I know not from what direction the enemy may attack. I know not whether it shall be from the left or from the right, from the front or from the rear. I know not what sort of enemy it may be, and I know not the direction he may come upon me, and so I shall obey the Scripture and walk circumspectly, looking around both ways.

Both ways! Walking circumspectly! Well, I must not only walk looking all around me both ways and looking outward, but I must look within. Look at myself. Spurgeon said all our enemies are comprehended under three heads: the world, the flesh and the devil. He said: "The devil, he's a cunning old enemy. Oh, how cunning! but," he says, "by the grace of God I can conquer the devil!" "This old world," he says, "is a multitudinous affair with ten thousand things to attract and seduce me, but," he says, "by the grace of God I can conquer the world. But," he said, "good Lord deliver me from myself."

MIS-LOCATING THE DEVIL.

Nine-tenths of your trouble and my trouble is not on the outside at all. It is inside. There's where your trouble is. As I heard a brother say to-day, you can get out in the world as much as you please, but you had better mind how you get the world into you. Sometimes we mis-locate things, like the good old brother that called on Bishop Whiteman. Down in Mobile, Ala., the bishop had been holding Conference, and a good old brother came up to him in his room one day and said to the bishop:

"I haven't been to my church in two years. I haven't been out at all in that time."

"Well," said the bishop, "why is that, brother?"

"Why," said he, "they have got the devil right behind the pulpit."

"What?" he says. "Got the devil right behind the pulpit?"

"Yes," he says, "they have. Just as soon as I walk into the church, the first thing I see is the devil right behind the pulpit."

"Why, brother," said the bishop, "what in the world do you mean?"

"Why," he says, "it's the organ they've got in there."

"Well," said Bishop Whiteman in his polite way, "I expect when you go into the church, the devil is in there sure enough, but you don't locate him right. He's not in there right behind the pulpit, but he's in you. He's in you. You've mis-located things. There's the trouble."

CHRISTIAN WISDOM.

I heard a good old brother say once that when a man got mad with him he always spoke kind words and said kind things. "Why," said he, "when a man wants to raise a difficulty with me and talk bad to me, if I get mad the devil will come out of that fellow into me, and he'll divide

devils with me. He's got enough for both." And the trouble with humanity is that they don't locate things right. And without locating your enemy, you can never fight him successfully. That's the truth. The wisest general in the whole war was the general, not that knew so much how his troops were arranged, but who arranged his troops by the arrangement of his enemy's troops, so that his strongest point was just opposite the strongest point of his enemy. And the Christian man who is best equipped to fight the devil, is the Christian man who not only knows the strength of the devil, but knows exactly where he is located and all about him.

Watch! Your trouble, if located, is within, and not without you. I would rather fight a thousand enemies outside of the fort than to fight one enemy inside of the fort. There are more dangers on the inside. And now let us see what we have inside to betray us.

Well, let's see! Is there anybody here troubled with a spirit of neglect? That is a fearful enemy on the inside—the spirit of neglect. I don't care what else you have or don't have—if you have got that you are bankrupted. As I said here once before, you may take the best man in St. Louis, he may be everything you want him to be, but you just let him neglect to pay his debts and there isn't anybody in this town will have any respect for him. Ain't that true? And we must reach the point where we see that the strength of the Christian is in the earnest, persistent discharge of every duty that God enjoins upon us.

THE FOLLY OF NEGLECT.

Neglect! Neglect to pray; neglect to read my Bible; neglect to walk uprightly before God; neglect any Christian duty—the man who does it does it at the cost of his soul. The spirit of neglect! Now if you take a man who has prayed night and morning in his family, just get him to leaving it off at night, say for instance; or leaving

in the morning for instance; and just let him neglect it a time or two, and you know that the next thing that happened is that he has quit it altogether. Just let a fellow neglect his prayer-meeting two or three times, and he gets so he won't want to go at all. Just let a man neglect to read his Bible for a few days, and he'll get so he won't want to look toward his Bible at all. Oh, the spirit of neglect! It has cost millions of souls!

Neglect! And every time Christ prefigured judgment, the fellow that was condemned was condemned for neglect—every one of them—and in no instance were they condemned for what they had done, but condemned for what they had not done.

Neglect! You let a man begin to neglect his business—it goes right down. Let a man begin to neglect his religion—it goes right down. Let the member of a church begin to neglect prayer-meeting, it goes right down to zero. Let the member of the church begin to neglect to pay the preacher and the first thing you know he is a pauper. Don't you see how the thing goes?

And I tell you all, in every part and department of religious life, aggressiveness and fidelity is found in the fact that we do not leave any gaps down but put them all up.

THE TROUBLESOME TONGUE.

Neglect! Well, then, I will watch not only the spirit of neglect that might take possession of me, but I will watch my tongue. Oh, me! these tongues of ours give us more trouble than anything and everything else in the world! It ain't what we do, but it's what we say that keeps us in trouble every time. It's what we say. I will watch my tongue. I declare sometimes I wish I hadn't any tongue.

Neglect! And watch my tongue. Watch my tongue. Oh me! if we just had some way of regulating every

word we had uttered, like a president can recall some minister or some counsel that he had sent off somewhere—oh, what a grand thing that would be! Brethren I'd spend the next ten years in recalling—I think I would—I'd be busy at it, I'd be busy; and the only way I can do now is to watch my tongue; and I declare to you, if a man opens the door the dog runs out in the street before he knows it. It is astonishing how many things will come up, and come when he least expects it upon this tongue.

THE IDEA OF TEMPER.

I will watch my tongue. I will watch my temper. I will watch my temper. The noun "temper" is not in the Bible at all. The verb "to temper" is in the Bible. Do you know where we get that idea of the word "temper?" We get it from the blacksmith's shop, where the blacksmith, for instance, is shaping an axe and upsetting the blade of it; he heats the blade again and pushes it down into the water, and taking it out he watches it take its colour, and again he pushes it into the water and takes it out and watches it take its colour and then directly he passes it to the hand of the farmer and says: "I think that is tempered, but I don't know. If you will grind it and take it out to that knotty pine log and throw it in a time or two I will be able to tell you whether it is tempered or not." And he takes up the axe, and he goes out to the knotty pine log and he strikes it a time or two, and it is full of notches and the edge all turned and gone. He takes it back to the blacksmith and says, "You missed it this time; look here! it is notched all over with gaps." And he takes it again and puts it in the fire again and tests it, and when he takes it out there to the knotty pine log its edge is all right and he says, "This edge stands perfect." That is where we get what we call our idea of temper from.

CHRISTIAN TEMPER VS. GOOD NATURE.

Many a time we have had our tempers, our dispositions in the shop, and we have upset them and we have tempered them, and now we say, "Well, now, I never will get that way any more; I have got the edge all right this time; I got it tempered up in every respect," and the first old knotty log we get to, away it goes and the notches are all broke out and the edge is turned off, and we say, "Law, me, it's no use of my trying at all; I did worse this time than I ever did before." Haven't you ever felt that? Oh, this temper of ours. A good temper will stand anything without the breaking out of a gap or the turning of the edge. Good temper! Good temper!

There is a heap of difference between good nature and good temper. I have heard people say, "Oh, that person has less temper than anybody I ever saw." Well, they are less account than anybody you ever saw, if you mean by that they are simply good-natured. I tell you it takes anybody with immense temper, and when that temper is rightly tempered, then it is you've got the finest character this world ever saw.

A LOVELY-TEMPERED GIRL.

I heard a lady say about a cook once, "That is the best-natured, kindest, cleverest, best girl in this world, and the only thing I got against her is she is no account in the world that you ever saw." That's the only thing she had got against her, "She is no account in the world that you ever saw."

I like temper, but I want it to be on the edge right, and I want to be sure that that temper is managed right, and we can only have good tempers with vigilant, watchful care over them. The best way I ever managed my temper was to clinch my teeth together and not let my tongue run a bit. My tongue was a sort of a revolving fan

to the fire, and the first time you let your tongue go you are gone. Did you ever try to clinch your teeth this way together and try to keep a padlock on your tongue when you felt like you were going to get mad? Did you ever try to sit down on your tongue once? If you'll do it you will be astonished.

I will watch my temper, I will watch my tongue, I will watch my disposition, I will watch within, I will watch without, I will be vigilant, I won't be surprised by anything. I am going to see my enemy approach; I am going to watch him as he comes, and I am going to meet him as he comes.

A PERSONAL FRACAS.

I thought after I was converted and went to preaching that it was a man's duty to defend himself, and a man has to get mad always to do that; and I recollect a time or two when I got what I thought to be an insult, and there was a personal fracas. Well, the last one I had I got into the fuss all over, and it seemed like the Lord had about turned me loose for good, and I just said: "Good Lord, if you take me back I tell you what I'll do; I will never get mad with any man on the face of the earth until they treat me worse than I have treated you." Well, sir, I have been now at it eleven years since I had the difficulty, and I never found a man yet that treated me worse than I treated the Lord, and until I do I am going to stay in a good humour with humanity. That is my doctrine.

A fellow will tell you, "If a fellow was to treat you like so and so treated me, you would get mad." "How did they treat you, anyhow? What did a person ever do to you that you didn't do to God? If they told falsehoods of you, ain't my life a living falsehood? Isn't my profession a living falsehood?" "Oh, well I know it is, but—ah, well, if you look at it that way, now," they will

say, "of course I can't get mad at folks for telling falsehoods on me." "Well, but that man told the biggest lie I ever heard." "Well, but did you ever tell God one?"

A GOOD STORY.

So I often think of the incident where Talmage went to the father of the boy and said, "My brother, your son"—a little boy about 10 years old—"wants to join my church. What do you say?" "Oh, no," said the father, "he don't want it; he's too young; he don't know what he is doing." After a while he consented, and Talmage told him that he had joined the church. About three months after that the father met Talmage, and he said:

"There, Dr. Talmage, I told you that my little boy ought not to have joined the church."

"Why?" said Dr. Talmage.

"Why," he said, "no later than yesterday I caught him in a point-blank lie."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"How old were you when you joined the church?"

He said: "I didn't join the church until I was a grown man."

"Well," he said, "how many lies have you told since you joined the church?"

"Well," he said, "that's a gray horse of another colour. I never thought about that. (Laughter.) That makes quite a difference, doesn't it?"

I will watch and watch in all directions, and see to it every day of my life that I watch the approaches of every enemy, and I fight them as they come.

THE ENDURANCE OF AFFLICTION.

Well, when he told me to manifest always and possess always this watchful, vigilant spirit, then he said to me: "Endure afflictions."

It is one thing to do the will of God and it is quite another thing to suffer the will of God. As I said this morning; most anybody is willing to be a hammer and strike for God, and but very few people are willing to be an anvil and to be struck for God. And there is quite a difference between the two. Most anybody is willing to go out and knock anybody down for God, but are you willing to be knocked down for God? That is the question. "If they slap you on the right cheek, turn your left also."

THE BEARING SPIRIT.

I think one of the most impressive things I ever heard was where the young man belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association was standing out on the sidewalk in a city, handing dodgers to folks—out in the street and pointing up to the room where they were going to hold the service; and a gentleman who walked along with the crowd saw this young man hand a dodger to a fellow, and the gentleman, or man, pushed him away with his fist, and nearly knocked him down on the sidewalk; and the fellow regained his foothold and was ready with a dodger as another one came along; and directly another one slapped him in the face as he gave him a dodger; and the gentleman got interested in watching how the fellow took it, and he stayed there, and in a few minutes he put a dodger in a man's hand, and the man just caught him and just mashed him right down on the ground and tore one of his coat-sleeves off, and bruised him up generally, and he got up and had another dodger ready for the next man that came along. And the stranger went up in the room and heard a young man talk, and he said: "Gentlemen, I never heard a sermon in my life yet that impressed me, but I stood out there before your door and saw how the rough mistreated that young man over there, and I saw the spirit in which he accepted it, and I walked in here to your meeting, and

I want the very same spirit that made that boy take all that in the spirit in which he did."

NO USE TO FIGHT BACK.

Ah, brethren, "endure affliction." And it is the hardest thing in the world to do. Humanity wants to fight back, and kick back and talk back. I have felt that a thousand times; and I never fought back or kicked back, or talked back in my life that I was not sorry that I did it. The best thing is to stand and hold out and let your enemy kick himself to death, and he will soon do that if you will hold right still. "Endure affliction." One of the soldiers in the last war said: "One of the hardest things I had to do during the last war was to lie still under fire."

THE TRIBULUM.

And this affliction here is nothing but the bearing and pressure and weight of the "tribulum." That tribulum we get from the old threshing floor where the wheat was spread out in the straw on the floor, and where a man got a long, big hickory pole and shaved it down thin in the middle so it would have a ring to it and he come down on the wheat and beat away there for the hour; and that was the "tribulum" coming down on the wheat. Do you know what he was up to? He was getting the wheat separated from the straw and chaff. The tribulum is the weight, you see, and when God comes down hard with the tribulum he is just beating the wheat out of the straw and chaff, and the great astonishment to me is that the Lord will beat away so hard and so long to get a little wheat as there is in us. (Laughter.) And God is obliged to be patient and, with tender mercy, to beat sixty years on some of us and never get more than half a peck of wheat after sixty years. (Laughter.)

BLESSING BY AFFLICTION.

"Endure affliction." That is it. Bear whatever is sent upon you; and I will tell you there is nothing like affliction. Many a time a man has grown careless and godless and worldly in the church, and the Lord has tried every fair means to touch him and move him.

And there is a man now. The doctor says, "I am sure it is typhoid fever," and on the fifteenth day he says to his wife: "His case is getting a little doubtful." On the twentieth day the doctor said: "You may prepare for the worst." He heard the whispering—he was lying there on his bed, and the old clock ticking so loud there on the mantel—he heard the doctor talking to his wife just outside of the room door, and he saw his wife's lip quiver and he saw her wipe the tear from her eye and he heard the doctor say: "You can prepare for the worst." The twenty-first morning the doctor said: "He is a shade better, the crisis is come, he is turning; there is a chance for him."

VOICING HIS THANKS.

The thirty-fifth day he was sitting up in a big old arm rocker, with his dressing coat on, and his wife gone out of the room, and the children gone out of the room, and he says, "Well, thank God, I am up one more time in this world!" and he gets up and walks to the door by the help of the chair that he drags along with him; he turns the key and locks it, and he walks back and he kneels down between the arms of the old chair and he says, "Thank God, I am well one more time—getting well. He has spared my life, and now, God, on my knees I promise you I am going to make a better member of the church and a better father and a better husband than I have ever made." And he gets off of his knees and God blesses him, and he claps his hands and says: "Glory to God! He is so good to me." God had to take that fellow and

put him on a forty days case of typhoid fever to get him where he could bless him. Don't you see?

THE MORAL THERAPEUTICS OF SICKNESS.

Oh, how much goodness in the Lord! He won't let us be lost until he has done his very best on us. I tell you, take most any fellow and take him over a coffin a time or two and turn him loose and he will hit the ground running time. (Laughter.) He will do better.

"Endure affliction." Sometimes it don't last very long. I recollect a case down in my town, where I was pastor. I worked on a fellow all during the meeting, couldn't do anything with him, but he got down with bilious fever and he got to death's door. They thought he was gone. And, oh, what promises he made that he would do better if he got well. And two or three weeks after he got better I said:

"Brother B——, how are you getting along?"

He said: "I am getting better all the time."

"Well," I said, "How about your soul?"

"Well," he says, "I am afraid that ain't doing much better."

"Didn't you promise the Lord that you would do better if you got well?"

"Yes," he said, "Mr. Jones, I did, but I tell you a fellow is going to promise most anything when he gets down as far as I did." (Laughter.)

NOT SEEKING TO AVOID AFFLICTION.

"Endure affliction." Whatever is sent upon you, bear it without a word; for I declare to you there is nothing like patience under an affliction.

When the Lord's providence touches us let us be like the mother who had a son, a great big grown boy. The preacher told me he was at the house one day, and he said that the boy did something wrong and the mother ran

out in the yard and picked up a big brush and ran up to her boy to flail him, and when she ran up to him, she thought the boy would run from her or fight her, either one, and when she ran up to him, he just folded his arms and she threw up the brush and cried just like her heart would break. And brethren, when the Lord runs up to us with a rod of correction, let us not fight, but lean up against God's arms, and perhaps he will lay the rod down and won't strike you a lick. The best way to fight God is to run up to God. I found out when I was twelve years old that when father wanted to lick me, the closer I got to him the better. (Laughter.) I found that out.

EVANGELICAL WORK.

"Do the work of an Evangelist." Now you say, "That just had reference to Timothy; that does not have a reference to us at all." Do you know that God intended in the salvation of every soul that you should be propagandists yourselves? Did you ever think of that? The trouble is you have turned the world over to us preachers, and you have turned it over to a sorry set—(laughter)—and we are not half running it, God knows. But I reckon we do the best we can with the material on hand. (Laughter.) There is some hickory the Lord himself couldn't make an ax handle out of, unless he makes the hickory over again.

"Do the work of an Evangelist." We preachers have had charge of the churches, and the salvation of this world now, in a sense, for 1800 years, and we have just gotten one man in every twenty-eight to profess to be a Christian, and only about one in those twenty-eight is one when you weigh him up right. We are making big headway, ain't we? We preachers are good, clever men, and do the best we can, but God never intended that the world should be handed over to us. He intends that every converted man shall be a preacher in a sense, going out

and doing work as an evangelist. Supposing the members of Brother Lewis' church started out on the scriptural line to-morrow. Supposing every member of the church said: "God helping me, I will win one soul this year for Christ." Supposing you said last January each member of St. John's church will win a soul apiece for Christ. The membership was 720 then, and it would be 1,440 next January, if that promise was observed. And if the promise were renewed then, on the following January the membership would be 2,160. And on, and on, and on, and in this way, before your head grew gray all over, St. John's church could turn this whole city to Christ. That is arithmetical progression, and God is going to convert this world just that way. Listen! When one-half of the world is converted to God, and that half says: "One soul apiece to-morrow for Christ," and all go out and bring one soul to Christ, then everybody is converted and a nation is born to God in a day! You see how it works!

Dr. Tudor—God speed the day.

BROTHER JONES STARTING OUT.

Brother Jones—One soul a year! It does look as if every Christian ought to win one soul a year, or go out of the business. If I could not do that I would just quit in utter, absolute despair, I would. And I want to say to you all to-night just this: Just a few years ago, down in Georgia, God stooped down and touched my poor, ruined, wilted, blasted soul and called it back to life. I started out the weakest, frailest thing, and I declare that when I went to Atlanta to join the Conference I had no idea that they would take me. I could not see how they would take such a fellow as I was, and put him to work, and when they put me on a circuit I was the youngest man you ever saw, and when I got nearly home—I had not thought about what the thing would pay—a man,

stepped up and said: "Jones, that circuit they have sent you on never paid but \$65 a year to its preacher." I listened, but that statement did not bother me a bit; I was happy that I had a place to go to work in. I started in down there as best I could. My worldly assets, thoroughly marshaled, were a wife, one child, a pony, and \$8. These were my assets spread out, and my liabilities were several hundred dollars. (Laughter.)

This is just the way I started when I went down on that circuit. I commenced preaching six or seven or eight times a week, preaching and meeting in private houses, schools and churches, working as hard as I could and working right on. I started out to do my duty toward God and man, and the three years I spent in that work were the happiest three years, it seems now, of all my life. And God saw to it that we had three square meals a day and respectable clothes, and that is as much as you have. Do you have any more? If you do, where do you put it? Some of you put it in the bank; some in railroad stock. Yes!

A REFERENCE TO MR. VANDERBILT.

I do not reckon there has been a mind in this century that has been under higher pressure than William H. Vanderbilt. There were many things about that man I honour—many things about his life I would have the business men of this world emulate. I will say this much about him: The last evening, when he dropped out of his chair and fell onto the floor, when the railroad president was talking to him—when he sat in that chair he was the richest man in America; when he fell on that floor he was as poor as I am—as poor as I am. When I leave this world I want my friends to say, "I am glad there is a good man gone to Heaven." When Vanderbilt died everybody wanted to know, "How will it affect the Stock Exchange?" That seems to be the only question

in New York City now, "How will it affect the Stock Exchange?" They do not seem to care much about the man. They do not seem to have much to say about his funeral. The whole thing rests as on a pivot on that one question: "How will his death affect the stock market?"

WORKING FOR SOULS.

Now, sir, as God is my judge, all along through my religious life the one burning desire of my soul has been to see others brought to Christ. I have worked on and on and on, and I tell you, the happiest moments of my life have been the moments when I have seen men's souls given to Christ. The one earnest prayer of my life has been, "God help me to help souls to Christ." Brothers, how do you feel about that? I may gather together a fortune, but it may curse my children; but if I gather souls to Christ, how grand that is.

This recalls the dream of a young lady—I do not go much on dreams, but there was something impressive about this one. A young lady dreamt that she died and went to Heaven. As she stood around the great white throne she saw that every one there had on a beautiful crown, and that beautiful stars decked each crown. She approached a sister spirit and said: "What do these stars represent in these crowns?" The sister spirit replied, "These stars represent the souls we have been instrumental in saving," and she said, "I thought I reached up and pulled off my crown and it was blank, and I began to be miserable in Heaven. And all at once I awoke and praised God that I was still out of Heaven, and I said, 'I will spend the rest of my days in trimming stars for my crown of rejoicing in the sweet by-and-bye.'"

STARLESS CROWN.

How many of us here to-night if we died and went to Heaven would wear a starless crown forever? May God

help me as I journey through life to gather souls to God that they may be stars, not in my crown, but blessed be God, I would put them all in my Master's crown, and say to him, "You are worthy of them. You shed your blood and died that they might be redeemed." "Do the work of an evangelist." Let us go out and reach somebody. Then lastly he said, "Make full proof of your ministry." I do love to see a soul go and work in earnest for Christ, and work on until the work is completed, and then shout over the results. That is just what this means. I will illustrate this. I can get through quicker in that way than any other.

A WIFE'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

I had once in my charge when I was a pastor a precious good wife and mother. Fourteen years before that she married a young man, sober and industrious, but after their marriage he commenced associating with drinking men. He soon commenced to drink himself, and he led a very dissipated life for several years, and finally he was taken home with delirium tremens. One morning two doctors came and examined him, and they called his wife aside and said:

"Madame, your husband will die to-day."

She looked at the doctor and said, "No, he won't die to-day."

"Well," they said, "Madame, these symptoms that are on him never fail. He will die."

"No," she said, "doctor, he won't die."

"How do you know?" they asked.

She said, "I have been praying for fourteen years to God to convert that man and save him before he died. And," she said, "I have prayed earnestly and with faith, and I know he is not going to die. I do not care a cent about your symptoms."

That evening the doctors came back and examined her husband and said he was better. She said: "I have not been uneasy about him. I knew God had not converted him, and I knew God would not let him die until he was converted. If he were to die in the fix he is in I would die an infidel. I could never have believed that God heard and answered prayer. I have been praying for his conversion for fourteen years, and I knew God would not let him die before he was converted."

A SECOND SIEGE OF THE THRONE.

The man got better and he was converted, and he led a pure, good life for two years, and then, under some fearful temptation, he fell and began drinking again. She went back to God and prayed: "Good Lord, save my poor husband at any cost. I will work my hands off to support my seven children. My God, save my poor husband. I do not care what becomes of us."

Two or three months afterwards her husband was taken with articular rheumatism, the most fearful kind of rheumatism that ever afflicted humanity. There he suffered day after day, and he turned his heart again to God. He was the most meek and patient sufferer you ever saw, just trusting in God every moment. One morning when his wife was standing by he said, "Good-bye, precious wife. The moments are coming when I shall leave you, and when I shall leave you—and I owe it all to you and Christ—I shall go to Heaven and pass into the joys of the blessed."

She stood over him until his last breath had gone, and his face was placid and calm in death. As soon as she saw sure enough that he had gone into eternity, she clasped her hands and cried, "Glory to God, he is saved! Now I will work my hands off to support my children." And that woman to-day is a precious Christian mother of seven children, and she is training them for a better life. Mo-

there and sisters, when you get in earnest you will see this world with all its glitter and fearful influences over your children. You will see it as it is, and will say, "God help us to be in earnest about children and neighbours."

LET'S GET TO WORK.

Now let us say: "I am going to pray for some persons and will never stop until they are converted." Will you do that and interest yourselves in souls around us? I could stay here and relate incident after incident where I have seen parents, neighbours and friends get interested for others, and how they just surrendered to God, and how they were brought to Christ. Let us go away to-night and say: "God helping me, I will never wear a starless crown in Heaven. I am going to win some souls to Christ." Oh, if every one in this meeting would save a soul for Christ.

Now, brother, we have a few minutes longer to stay here to-night, and we are going to hold an after-service, and if any of you have more important business elsewhere than you have here you can return after benediction. If any of you feel that you want to hear the words of Paul to Timothy, when he said: "Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist and make full proof of your ministry;" remain. I want to see how many will remain to that after-service. If you are a Christian we would like you to remain; if you are not a Christian we would like you to remain. The theatre won't be out for an hour and a half, and we ought to be willing to stay here and talk about Jesus and the saving of souls about as late as they stay at the theatre. I think so, I think there is more profit in it.

THE LAST APPEAL.

After making the announcements Mr. Jones said: "I pray that this may be the beginning of a great religious

movement here. (Amen.) I never did preach more unsatisfactorily to myself than I have preached to-night, but I have done the best I could; and I pray God Almighty that some truth may take hold of your hearts to-night, and that you may roll up your sleeves and pitch in and help to win souls to Christ."



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SERMON IV.

GOD'S CALLS AND LOVE.

"Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."—PROVERBS i. 24, 25, 26.

THE more I read this precious book I hold in my hand, the more I am persuaded of the one fact, that God is doing all that infinite wisdom and infinite love could do to call back a wandering world to himself. There is not a page of this blessed book I hold in my hand on which I do not find expressions and declarations that convince me in my own mind that God loves me and is interested in me; that God wishes me well, and that he is ever ready to manifest himself as a gracious benefactor. And when I read this text and look at the pronouns of this text—"Because I have called—"

GOD'S VOICE.

This is God speaking, and when God speaks all mankind ought to rise to their feet and listen to what he has to say—"Because I have called and ye—" You and you and you,—and ye refused; I have stretched out my

hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my council and would none of my reproof. I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

I said a moment ago that I was more and more persuaded every day that God loves men; that God wishes us well; that he is continually calling us from something and continually calling us to something. Every time God calls a soul from hell he calls that soul to heaven, and when God calls us to heaven he calls us from hell; and when he calls me away from, he calls me up to; and when he calls me up to his bosom he calls me from all that would offend him or damage me as an immortal man. And now we will discuss the text in a plain, pointed way, and will you give us your prayers and your attention while we discuss this text?

GOD'S NUMBERLESS CALLS TO MAN.

"Because I have called—" Oh, the numberless ways in which God has been calling this world to repentance, calling us to a better life, to nobler things, to higher heights, to greater usefulness, to greater blessedness. And there never has been a call of God to man that did not draw us and bid us come to something better, and something happier, and something wiser, and something grander. There never has been a call of God that did not call us upward. Who is it to-night that does not want to be acquainted with a better state of things? Who is it that would not have St. Louis called up on a higher and better plane of morals and right living? Who is it would not like to see his children on a better and a higher plane of right living? Who is it that would not like to see this whole world lifted up into the perennial sunshine and blessing? Who is it to-night that would not like to have the fact announced: "There is not a dram-drinker in our city; there is not a profane swearer in our city; there is

not a wicked person in our city?" Who is it that would not like the electric wires to carry the grand and glorious news to the world to-night: "St. Louis is literally redeemed from sin and redeemed to God; instead of profanity we have praying; instead of wickedness we have righteousness; instead of thieving and robbery we have the golden rule—'Do unto all men as you would to, they should do unto you?'"

ALL GOD'S CALLS ARE TO BETTER THINGS.

And every call of this God-blessed book is a call to us away from something that is wrong and calling us toward something that is better. As I hear God and heed God, and obey his commands I am always leaving that which is bad and going up to that which is better. Do you want to be a better man? God wants you to be. Do you want to be a better woman? God wants you to be. Do you want to be a better father and citizen? God wants you to be. And this old book does not mean anything else, from Genesis to Revelation, except that its truths shall make you happier, freer, wiser, purer; and every call in this book is to you and me to come up on a plane like this to something better.

"Because I have called—" One of the divine agencies and one of the most omnipotent in calling men from sin to righteousness is the divine Spirit.

"I have called you by my spirit." And in his gracious love God sent his Son to die for us. The Son came and took upon himself to redeem all the race. He suffered, toiled and died, and was buried, and he rose again from the dead and said: "It is expedient for you that I go away, for when I go away, the Comforter will come."

THE NEED OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

And I have thought many times that if God had left this world without the presence and power of his Spirit

in the sacrifice of his Son, oh, what an unmeaning sacrifice that would have been ! You see that cross yonder, with its bleeding victim, the Saviour of the world, dying upon it, and all mankind gazing upon it. It was the dim outline of something. The world did not understand it. Just as with the hills of North Georgia. Some mornings I have walked out on the front porch of a country residence before daylight and I would look out upon the beautiful scenery of North Georgia by the dim darkness of the night, and I could not see anything but the dim outline of mountains and valleys. It was an indistinct picture that did not mean anything. And I have gone back to my room, and after a while I would walk out on the porch again. Then the sun had risen up over the eastern hills and bathed the mountains and valleys in a sea of glorious light. And then I looked over these mountains and valleys and saw beauties and glories my mind had not conceived before when I looked at them in the dark.

Then, this old world looked on and did not understand it. It was too dim. But when the Holy Spirit, basked in the light of God's countenance, arose on the scene and bathed the cross in a sea of light, then we could see

One hanging on the tree
In agonies of blood ;
He would fix his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

Then I might say :

Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
He seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

And then :

My conscience would feel and own the guilt
And plunge me in despair ;

By that precious light I could see that—

My sins his blood had spilled
And helped to nail him there.
A second look—

Under this divine light—

he gave, which said—
I freely all forgive.
My blood is shed to ransom thee,
I die that you may live.

THE HOLY SPIRIT LIGHTING UP THE CROSS.

And oh, the cross itself would never have been anything but a dim outline of God's goodness to us unless the divine Spirit had bathed it in a sea of light, so that I could see that on that cross was my Redeemer and precious Saviour. Oh, Holy Spirit, arise on the scene to-night, and let us see that cross, and see our Saviour, and see that, "He is the propitiation of our sins, and not ours only, but of the whole world."

He calls us by his Spirit. His Spirit lights up Calvary, and lets us see the bleeding victim. And then the divine Spirit calls us to look on that scene. It calls us to view our Saviour on the cross. It tells us that he is our Saviour and Redeemer. He calls us by his Spirit. And that divine Spirit is going into the world, "To reprove men of sin, and remind them of righteousness, of judgment to come." And brethren, no wonder it is written in that book, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." I can afford to do anything else, except that I treat lightly the wooings and movings of the divine Spirit of Christ.

LISTEN TO GOD'S CALL.

Oh brethren, mark the expression! Whatever else you and I do, when God himself by his Spirit touches our heart, let us yield to that touch, and obey that voice! And that divine Spirit is in this city, in this congregation, in your heart. He calls you to a better life. Will you heed that call? Will you obey that call? Will you

say to-night, "Oh, divine Spirit, I have long repulsed thee, but to-night I yield my life to thee; I will be a better man; I will be a better woman!" Whenever the divine Spirit knocks at the door of your heart, like he is knocking at some of your hearts to-night, he simply knocks that you may open unto him, and it brings life and salvation in his brain where'er he goes.

He calls us by his Spirit to a better life. I know God is in earnest, because all the manifestations of his grace show that he has not left a stone unturned to make me a better man. He not only calls me by his Spirit, but by his word. Do you know how many calls there are in this book, to men, that they may live better and serve God, and their generation by the will of God?

THE CALLS IN THE BIBLE

Have you any idea how many calls there are in this book to you, my brother, and to you, my sister? Oh, this book! with each page, and sometimes with each verse, calling us to nobler and better things! And this book has been on the table at your home; and on the shelf at your home, and in your library at your house, this book to-day with its millions of copies scattered over the earth, and almost a million calls in each book! Oh, surely no man can sink down to Hell at last and say, "I would have gone to nobler heights and to a better life than I did if I had had just one call of mercy and goodness from God to me." This blessed book, how full of calls! Oh, there is many a man, who not only despises the God of this book, but he despises this book. I love this book. I am glad this book was the precious gift of mother to her children. I am glad my mother clasped this book to her heart and said a thousand times:

Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

NO EXCUSE FOR IGNORANCE.

I am so glad my father's highest ambition was to live according to the precepts of this book. I am glad that the noblest and best friends I have in this world have charged me many times to read the word of God, and obey its precepts. I am so glad of the ten millions of Bibles scattered over this sin-cursed earth that go like blessings into every home. And friends, to-night, when we take this blessed book we see the numberless calls God makes to each man. And in each call he says, "Come higher; live better; prepare to meet your God." Then, I say, if we should die impenitent, we are dumb and speechless in the end.

This blessed book, so full of calls! "Come thou," said this book, "Come with us and we will do thee good." But I know God is in earnest. He not only gave his Son and his divine Spirit, but he calls us to a better life, and not only gave his last message to us and his divine counsel to us, but he calls us by his ministry. Just think of the numberless voices that are raised every day and every hour upon this earth.

THE MINISTRY'S CALL.

The ministry, the consecrated ministry of God! I know frequently we think the preachers are not doing much. We think frequently "our preacher is a very inefficient man," but I can say this to the honour of our pulpits in America: There is not a soul in this house that ever heard a sermon by anybody—I care not if it was by an old African preacher, I care not what language he spoke—I say to you to-night, you never heard a sermon in your life that did not have truth enough in it to save your soul! We can criticise preachers—oh, me! it takes less sense to criticise than it does to do anything else in the world, and there is many a preacher whose congrega-

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tion will pack him in an ice-house and then abuse him because he does not perspire. (Laughter.) And let me tell you that we would have more faithful preachers and more persistent and earnest work in the pulpit if they got a little sympathy from the world around them.

NO ALLUSION TO LIBERAL MISSOURI.

Sympathy! Say what you please about preachers, I have noticed this much, that whatever infidelity has done, or whatever infidelity has proposed to do, I have never heard of a project like this would be—an infidel city without a preacher, or a church, or a Bible. Have you ever heard of any such a project as that? The meanest, darkest, blindest old infidel in the world never intends to live among infidels, anywhere in this world; and he is going to be ruined forever, because he is going to be shut up with them in hell forever, and that will be the meanest and most bitter pill he has to swallow down there! The meanest and lowest down old infidel in this town—if you were going to establish a town of infidels and shut out all preachers and Bibles, and pass a law that no church shall be erected there, there is no low-down infidel in this town that would move his family there or establish himself there if he was an old bachelor. (Laughter.) That's the truth.

GOING TO HELL FROM STODDARD ADDITION.

Butter, I am glad we have so many preachers. And I tell you another thing: this old Stoddard Addition here, with its many spires and with its numberless preachers, the man that goes to Hell from Stoddard Addition, St. Louis is going to Hell with a vengeance! Now, you mark that!

I declare to you that I have thought many a time if I should be lost, and if I must be lost, I'd rather go from some lonely island of the sea, where no preacher's voice

was ever lifted, and where no Bible ever comes, and where no influence was ever brought to bear upon me. If I must be lost at last, let me go from some lonely island of the sea, where no voice of the pulpit and no pleading of the church was ever heard. But the man or woman that sinks down to death and hell from under the voice of the pulpit, you perish awfully and you perish justly. "I have called you by my ministry."

ONE SERMON APIECE, ALL ROUND.

Brethren, there has been one sermon to each soul of St. Louis preached in this city. There have not been less than 400,000 sermons preached in this city since the day it was incorporated. And now, sir, we are assured of this fact, that for every soul in St. Louis there has been an honest, earnest sermon preached. And, oh, brethren, when I think how Peter ran down that day from that upper chamber and preached one short sermon—and I say it reverently, and I speak it honestly and reverently—you never heard a sermon in your life, I dare assert, that was not as good a sermon in a literal sense as was Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost. And yet under that short, earnest talk 3,000 souls were brought to God. And, with the waggon loads of sermons that have been wasted upon us to-day, thousands and hundreds of thousands of our people are in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity. "I have called you by my ministry."

I have sent you my preacher. I have sent preacher after preacher to knock at the door of your conscience and arouse you and awaken you from your lethargy. Thank God for every consecrated preacher that walks the face of the earth! And we will never know how to esteem preachers in this life. The people of this world don't recognize how God himself has thrown the preacher in the pathway of every man to check him and stop him and turn him around to bring him to God.

And he has not only called us by his ministry. If he had stopped at that, it seems to me that every man who perished would perish without excuse, but he has called us by his providences.

Oh, how the providences of God arouse us and stir us up at times. The providences of God.

A GEORGIA STORY.

In our town, an old associate of mine, an old school-mate—a kind-hearted, clever boy, we were raised boys together—and I walked down to his house one day. I heard his child was sick. I walked down to his house and I was invited into the family room. His wife was an old friend of mine—we were boy and girl together. When I went in, she sat in the family room, with a sweet, sick child in her arms, and I looked at that child and I looked at her. I said: "Virginia, God is going to take this little fellow from you, too; it certainly cannot live." And I saw the tears leap to her eyes and spatter down into the face of the sweet child.

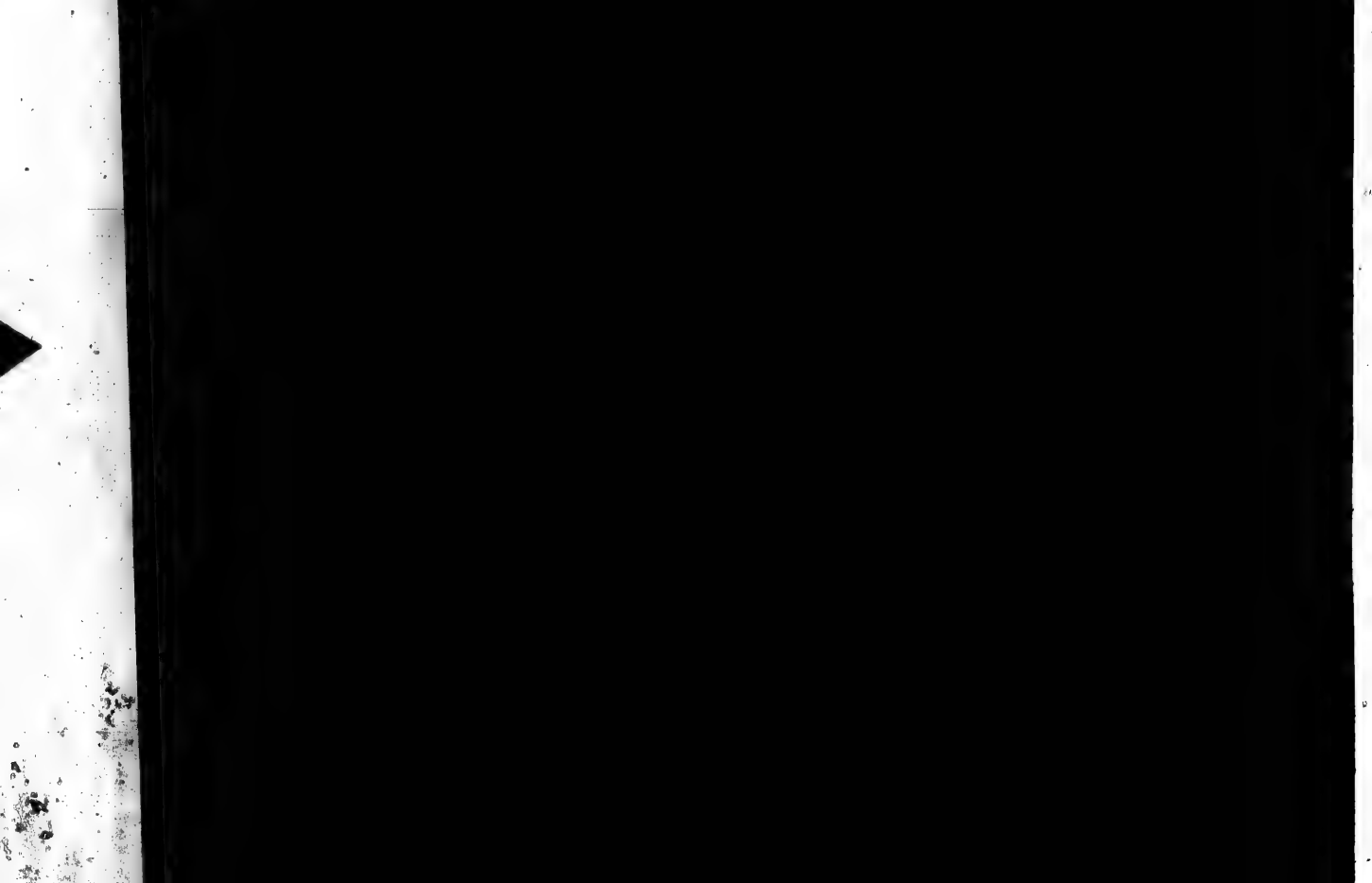
Said I: "Virginia, has it ever appeared to you, have you ever thought, that God is doing his best to save your poor husband"—her husband had drank and drank and drank, and he had suffered with delirium tremens but a short time before that—and said I, "Virginia, did it ever occur to you that God is doing his best to save your husband?"

And she broke utterly down and sobbed and says: "This is the sixth sweet child I have given up, if it dies, but if God would save my husband I would give them all up, if it should break my heart."

HUNTING THE HUSBAND.

I went down town and hunted her husband up. I met her husband on the sidewalk and walked up to him, and I slapped him on the shoulder, and said I: "John, I am



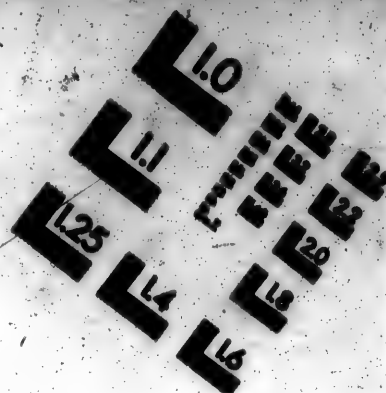
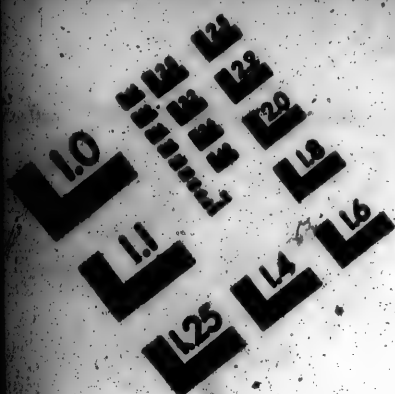




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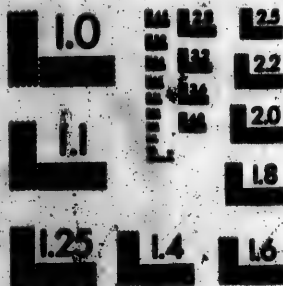
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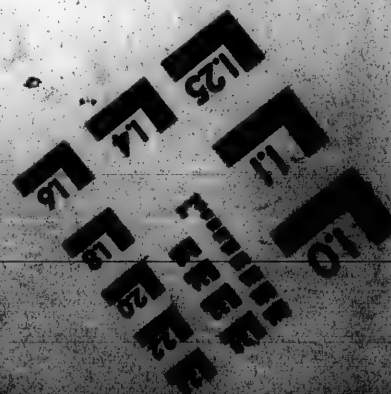
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just from your house, old fellow. And you've just got almost an angel for a wife, and," said I, "that woman is bathing that sweet, sick child of yours with her tears this moment, and," said I, "I said to your wife, 'Virginia, do you reckon God is doing his best to save your husband?' and she just sobbed aloud and said:

"If God can save my husband by taking my sweet children from me, he can have them all.' And," said I, "John, in the name of God, surrender and give your heart to God and be religious."

I want to say to you to-night, that man is an earnest, faithful, efficient member of one of the churches in our town, and walking arm in arm with his wife to the church.

GOD DOES HIS BEST TO SAVE US.

Oh, I am glad that God will not suffer us to perish until he has done his best to save us.

If a man had asked me fifteen years ago—fourteen years and three months ago—if a man had asked me, "My friend, what is the worst thing could happen to you?" I reckon I would have just spoken up involuntarily and said: "The death of my precious father. Oh, I'd rather lose all than him!" And yet my father came to death's door and the providence of God brought me around his dying pillow, and I watched him as he passed out of this world, and I want to say to you this, that God Almighty put my father's corpse in my pathway and I turned around and I said, "I will go back! I will go back!"

GOD'S LAST RESORT.

And many a time a man has travelled so far that God can never stop him until he has to put his dead wife in his pathway, and many a man has turned around and said, "I will go back! I will go back!" Many a time God has thrown the sweet angel babe, like a sweet angel

chiselled out of marble, in the pathway of the father, and stopped him. This much I know: God will never suffer any man to be damned until he has done his best to save you.

There are many happy home circles in this town. A preacher said to me to-day: "Brother Jones, one of the troubles in St. Louis is, there are too many husbands and fathers out of the church and irreligious." One preacher said. "In my congregation I know twenty good women who have wicked, godless husbands. They are members of my church." Twenty good, pious, consecrated wives who have wicked, wayward, irreligious husbands!

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.

I just want to look at every man to-night who has a good religious wife. I want to say this to you, and may the Holy Spirit of God burn it into your conscience. Listen to me, friend! Listen! The man who stamps upon a good wife's heart and almost crushes the last drop of blood out of it, let me say to you, sir, you owe that wife a debt that you can never pay her until you pay it at the cross of Jesus Christ! You owe those innocent children that throw their arms around your neck and love you with all their heart, you owe those precious innocent children a debt that you never can pay until you pay it with your wife around the consecrated altar of God.

A TENDER MEMORY.

It is a source of everlasting joy to me as I live. (Here Mr. Jones shed tears and wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.) I had at my home a precious child when I was a wicked, wayward, godless man. It is the only sweet child I ever had that ever looked in my face when I was a wicked, wayward, godless man. That child is in Heaven, but, thank God, I have not a single child that

looked in their father's face when he was not trying to serve God and do right.

The saddest picture in this world is to see a good wife and good mother do all she can to train her children right and lead her children to Heaven, and the husband by his example and by his life doing all he can to undo the work of the wife and to curse his children. I have thought many a time if there is a deeper, darker, more awful place in Hell for one than another, it must be for that husband and that father who, in spite of wife's prayers and children following her example, broke through it all and despised it all and made his bed in Hell.

Oh, friend, when you talk about children! If you can not touch a man when you bring to bear the relation of his precious children, then he is dead to everything that is noble and true and good.

God is going to take something from us. As I said just now, there is many a happy circle in this town—and the Lord has let us go on through other means. Now you mark what I say at this moment. You had better look out! God don't like the way you are doing, brother. He don't like the example you are setting your children; and if God takes two or three of your sweet children to Heaven this winter, you are going to be a better father to those that are left. Now, mark what I tell you!

A WAR STORY.

In a meeting once like this, I threw it open for talking, and one gentleman stood up in the congregation. Said he: "I am from a distant city; I am a stranger to you all, but I love God, and I want to be a Christian all my days, but," he said, "I want to say some things to fathers. I want you to hear me." He said: "I went through the last war and I never went into a battle—and I was in forty or fifty hard-fought battles—that I didn't go in

with a solemn vow that if God would spare me through that battle I would be a Christian. Then when the battle was over I would promise God that after I got home from the army I would be a Christian. And," said he, "God spared me through the whole war, and I came home and only received one slight wound during the war, and when I got home," he said, "I promised God if I married, I would be a Christian; and then," he said, "God gave me a good wife, and then I said, 'if we ever have children that need to follow a father's example, then I will be religious.'" "And," he said, "in the course of time God blessed us with a sweet little Mary and a sweet little Martha."

IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE

"And," he said, "when Mary was eight years old and Martha six, I walked in, and a thousand times, I reckon, I had promised God I would be a Christian; and I walked in home from plantation one day, and wife said to me, 'Husband, little Mary is very sick; she has got a very high fever; she is now scarcely in her mind conscious.' I walked into that room, and as soon as my eyes fell upon that child, I said to myself, 'Now, sir, your vows to God. Do you recollect the promises you made?' and," he said, "the child got worse, and worse, and the next day that precious child died, and," he said, "over the grave of that child, I said I would keep my vows; but I got home and I didn't do it. I kept putting it off till next day. Just a week from that I walked into the room, and wife said, 'Husband, precious little Martha is taken just like little Mary,' and I never went into the house at all—I just went off to the woods and fell down on my knees and said, 'Lord, if you will spare that precious little child I am going to be a Christian right here and now.' And I made my surrender uncompromising to God right there, and—"

THE RESULT.

"I got up off my knees and I went back to the house, and my wife met me on the porch and said, 'Strange to say, husband, the fever is all gone, and the child is getting right pert,' and I said, 'Wife, I am not astonished. I have just got off my knees out yonder in the woods, and I told the Lord if he would spare my child I would be a Christian from this day; and, oh, if I had done that a week ago, our precious little Mary would have been with us to-day.'"

Oh, you don't know, brother, how many thousand ways God has used to bring you to a better and nobler life. I know there are people that will laugh and people that will ridicule the very thought that I am on to-night; but I believe in the providence of God as strong as I believe in my existence. I believe that God rules in this world yet and that the very hairs of my head are numbered, and that God does not allow the sparrow that chirps in the thicket to fall to the ground until he has signed its death-warrant.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

God knows me and knows my children, and he knows best. I have said to God on my knees: "God, you know best what is needed for my soul. If anything in the ordinary means of grace won't save me, God, use extraordinary means on me; whatever in thy wisdom will bring me closer to thee, gracious Father, let those means be used on me!"

Can you feel that way to-night? Many a time I have gone home—and if there ever was any fellow that loved home I reckon I do—and I thought of this persistent effort I was making here in St. Louis, leaving all I had to come and help you—left everything in the world—loving wife that I loved, anything—to come here and help you in this meeting; and I want to say to you, brethren and

friends here to-night, whatever is best for me, whatever is best for my children and for my home, my God, may that come upon us. If it is poverty, I would rather starve to death in one poor hovel, if that means getting to heaven, than have the wealth of Vanderbilt and ride in purple and fine linen, and be damned at last. Nothing in this world will pay me for going to hell, and I say Lord God! let anything come but that.

A THOUSAND CALLS TO GOD.

God calls us by his providence. I believe in the providence of God; can not help from believing it. And God not only calls us by his providence, and not only calls us by his ministry and by his providence, but, as Mr. Spurgeon said once, "God calls us in a thousand ways if we would just stop and listen." "Why," said he, "when we walk out in the morning, God makes his sun preach to us. As the sun climbs the slippery steep of the skies, God makes him whisper down to us: 'Oh, man, look at my pathway, upward and onward, brighter and brighter! How is your pathway?' And when the sun poises himself at meridian, he says: 'Man, I have gone half of my day's journey. Have you?' And as he descends toward the west, he says: 'Man, I am going down behind the western hills, and you are going down to the grave.' And when he sinks behind the western hills, he says: 'Man, will you go down with me to-day and paint the splendours of your life over the horizon of your death, or will you go down to a cloudy, fearful, dark, hopeless abyss?'"

And when we walk into our family room at night and light the gas, and the little candle-fly flits around, and we brush it off and say, "Foolish thing, don't burn yourself to death," and then the little fly, the little mote, burns itself to death, and God makes the little dead mote speak, and say, "Man, you are doing the very same thing. You are dazzled by the pleasures and appearance of life, and

you have already scorched your immortality, and you are darting down into an eternal and everlasting despair, by and by."

HOME LIFE CALLS TO GOD.

When you come in to your table and sit down and there are the children gathered around you, and you help their plates, God says, "As you are willing to give food and raiment to your children around you, man, come to me. I am more willing to give you good things than you are to give food to your children."

As you go into your room at night and shut the door, God says, "So, man, heaven's door is going to be shut some of these days. Will you be on the outside or will you be inside forever?"

And when some sudden move awakens you at night, then God says: "Be ye also ready, for ye know not the day or hour when the Son of Man cometh."

Are you a farmer? Every time you go out into your field to sow seed, God says: "Man, I have been sowing the seed of life in your heart all your days." When you come out to look at the grain coming so beautifully, God says: "Man, where are those seeds I have sown in your heart?" When you go out to reap your wheat, God says: "Man, the sickle of death will reap you down after a while." When you thresh it and separate the wheat from the chaff, God says: "Man, that is just where I shall be by-and-by, separating the wheat from the chaff, and the chaff shall be burned with unquenchable fire."

THE HEAVENLY ADVOCATE.

Are you a lawyer? Every time a client comes to you, God whispers back and says: "Man, have you an advocate up yonder to plead your cause before the eternal bar of God?"

Are you a school teacher? Jesus says: "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."

Are you a blacksmith? Every time you bring your hammer down on the anvil, God says: "Oh, man, I have been hammering at your heart with the hammer of my word and love all your days, and yet it will not give."

Are you a merchant? Every time you measure off a yard of calico, God says: "Man, I am measuring off your days to you." And when you take the scissors and clip the cloth, God says, "Man, the scissors of death will cut you loose from time to time some of these days." As you put your sugar in the scales and weigh it, God says, "Mene, mene, tekel; you are weighed in the balance and found wanting."

As I turn my eyes to the burning fire in the grate at night, God says, "Man, will you shun that fire that shall never be extinguished?"

As the grand old Mississippi floats by your river here, God says, "Man, will you flow over on the banks of the River of Life, and drink its water for ever?"

And as you look out upon the shade trees of this city, God says, "Man, will you eat of the fruit of life, and sit down under the tree of life in the world above yonder." As you look at the stars above your head, God whispers back and says, "I have sprinkled the canopy of this moral universe with golden promises, and I bid you look up and live."

As I look at the sun, he says, "I will grow dim, but you shall live on." As I look at the moon, the moon says, "I shall sink in darkness and be turned to blood, but your immortal spirit shall live in Heaven for ever, or be with the damned cast out."

And no matter who I am, or where I am, or what I am doing, God is calling me every minute to a noble and better life.

YOU HAVE HEARD THESE CALLS.

Friend, will you hear these calls? "Because I have called and ye have refused." I want to say, brethren—

and I hurry through—oh, the numberless calls of God. God not only calls me once, but he has called me a thousand times, and not only called me a thousand times, but has called me ten thousand times.

And then I saw another thing right at this point, and the Holy Spirit of all grace help me to seal these words upon the consciences of this people here: God has not only called you a thousand times, but you have heard every one of those calls. Oh, my brother, you have not only heard them with your ears, but those calls have been ringing down through the chambers of your soul, and you have heard them down to the innermost depths of your conscience. You have heard all the calls of God.

And God has not only called you ten thousand times, and you have not only heard all those calls, but—most awful point of all—you have understood those calls. You knew what they meant. But there is something else at hand; there is something else you wanted to look to; something else you wanted to attend to; and now, my brother, after God has called us one thousand times, and we have heard all those calls, and we have understood all those calls, then, if we perish, we perish awfully, and we perish eternally! Oh, just think a moment! Oh, how many calls! How many calls!

GOD STRETCHING OUT HIS ARMS.

"Because I have called, and ye have refused; I have stretched out my hands, and no man regarded." Oh, when I think that God has not only called us with his divine voice, but he is stretching out his merciful hand and says, "Here, take it! take it! Whoever will, let him take the water of life freely." And how God has stooped down from Heaven and pushed his divine hand out in the reach of every man in the world and says, "Whoever will, let him take that which I am offering to him." I am lost in love and praise.

You see that mother yonder! She is calling little Willie, and little Willie turns his head and hears his mamma calling and he runs on, and mamma calls little Willie and he pays no attention to her voice, and directly little Willie looks back at mamma and mamma has stretched out her arms to him, and those arms have always been resistless to him, and he has always run to them when they were stretched out. And if you just look up and listen to the voice of God to-night, as you hear it, you may look and see the great loving arms of God outstretched over you! Oh, how true this is: "The father saw him a great way off, and ran to him and put his arms round him and kissed him." God's arm is extended to save man. "I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded."

THE DIVINE RETRIBUTION.

Now: "I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." Brethren, I announce the most fearful truth this moment in the moral universe of God. Hear it. I see men laughing to-day and scoffing to-day and reviling to-day and despising to-day! Listen! The most fearful announcement in the book of God is this: "What measure ye mete shall be measured to you again."

Your time is now spent in laughing and scoffing and despising. Just the way you treat God now he will treat you by-and-bye. "What measure ye mete shall be measured to you again."

Good measure, heaped up, shaken down and running over! Oh, brother, as you laugh to-night at the pleading, earnest face of God, just so when you plead, the book says God "will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh."

Oh, sir! now you have got me at a point in the moral thought of this world that I do not understand. "God laughing at the calamity of a soul! God laughing at my

calamity! Do you mean that?" Then I ask you this question—while God in his divine love and compassion calls you to-night, I will ask you one question.

Do you laugh at God? Do you? As God stretches out his hands and begs and pleads, will you, can you laugh? Do you laugh at God? Will you explain that? Then if you will, I will explain to you how God "will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh."

BETTER MAKE PEACE WITH GOD.

I tell you how I'm going to do, God helping me. I am going to treat God to-night just like I want him to treat me when I am helpless and powerless at the judgment bar. As I look to-night at the loving, gentle face of God, and he yearns in heart and soul for me now, I return that yearning to God and say, "My God and my Father, I hear thee, I will obey thee." And then, by-and-bye, when I call upon God, when I lift my voice at the judgment and say:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

And Jesus will say, "Inasmuch as I called you yonder and you answered not, when you call on me I will answer: 'The measure ye mete shall be measured to you again.'"

And, brother, I am going to heed God to-night, and he will heed me by-and-bye; that's it.

THE TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

Now, I say I can't explain the text! I don't know its depth, but I will say this: A preacher some time ago gave me the finest illustration of what this text means that I ever found or heard of before.

He said in the town where he was pastor there lived out about two miles in the country a wealthy gentleman—a very wealthy man, and a good man, too. He said that gentleman had only one child, a son, and he said that gentleman just lavished all his kindness and generosity and wealth upon that boy, that was the pride of his father's heart. He said that young man went off to college. His father sent him to college and just lavished everything in the educational line upon him that could be given him. When that boy returned from college, instead of an educated, refined gentleman, he returned a drunken sot. And he said, that boy came home, and his father, after he returned home a drunken sot, just lavished every kindness that the human heart could conceive upon that drunken, wayward boy. And, he said, the boy went from bad to worse; and, he said, I have looked at his father and I thought to myself, "That boy is literally stabbing his father to death."

HOW TO KILL LOVING PARENTS.

Oh, me! There is the way to kill a mother or a father without any weapon. The father of a lot of drunken sons said to me—two or three drunken boys—he said, "Jones, my boys are killing their mother, my precious wife." He says: "Jones, what can I do? What would you do?" he says: "It don't look like their mother will live twelve months longer." "Well," said I, "I don't know, brother, I declare! You puzzle me with that question, but I'll say this much. If I ever raise a boy at

my house that is a drunken debauchee, and my boys turn out to be drunken vagabonds, and just crush their mother's heart with it, some night or morning after they wake up sober, I'm going to call them into their room, and say, 'Boys, you are killing your precious mother by the inch. She is dying a hundred deaths! Boys, listen to me: Go up to your room and get the old breech-loading shot-gun, and put forty buck-shot into each barrel, and walk down to the breakfast table this morning, and put it to your mother's head and fire both barrels off. You shan't kill my precious wife by inches. You may bring your shot-gun and shoot her down, but you shan't kill her by inches that way, boys.'"

Oh, me! There's many a precious woman in this town that's dying by the inch, and you can run home to-night and put your ear to your wife's heart, and you can hear the blood drip! drip! drip! May God have mercy upon us.

A voice from the school-room—Amen!

Brother Jones—Husband, as you look at home to-night, think a moment. Now, to go back to my story.

THE STORY RESUMED.

That boy went on from bad to worse, and from bad to worse until one day, the preacher told me, the father drove in town one morning; and he got out of his buggy and started down the sidewalk and met this drunken boy. And this drunken boy in his rage from liquor took hold of his father and cursed him and handled him rudely and mistreated his father. He said the father turned right round and went back and got in his buggy and drove off toward home. And he was watched; they could see from his face that there had been an awful change in that father's mind and heart. And that father drove up in the grove in front of his house and hitched

his horse and walked down to the far edge of the grove, and when he reached the farthest point from the house he was seen to put his hands above his head this way (here Brother Jones clasped his hands on the top of his head), and gave the most awful screams that ever escaped human lips. He took his hands down and then placed his hand above his head again and a wail of infinite despair, as loud almost as human voice could be pitched escaped his lips, and then he threw his hands up one more time, and such another wail scarcely ever greeted the ear of human being, and then he turned calmly round and walked back to his house. And in about half an hour, he said, this drunken boy came staggering up on the steps, and the father met him on the front porch and turned him deliberately round and said:

"Off these premises forever! You are no longer anything to me. I have cut loose from you forever!"

And he drove that boy off his premises.

And ten days from that, that poor miserable boy died in the gutter in that town, and his father never went about him! never attended his funeral; never paid any more attention than if he had been a stranger in a strange land.

THE FATE OF JERUSALEM.

Listen to me, friend! I know if Jesus Christ ever did his best anywhere, it was in Jerusalem. If there was a spot on earth that Christ loved, it was Jerusalem. If there was a people he had longed for and prayed over, it was the people of Jerusalem. And listen! As he looked over the doomed city, he said—"Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How oft would I have gathered thee under my wings as a hen gathereth her chickens but ye would not. Now, behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

Oh, the soul, the soul that God tells "good-by" is

gone forever. The soul, the soul that God shall speak to in language like this:

Ye shall seek and shall not find me,
Ye shall die in your sins.

God has spoken it and God shall never retract his word in time or eternity.

The Lord God have mercy upon us, and whatever else we do, God help us to attend to the salvation of our souls, and hear and obey the calls of God. Will you to-night? Will you to-night?

A CALL FOR PENITENTS.

Some of you will give your souls to God to-night or some of you never will, never will. There's a point in every man's life when it is "now, or never." "Now, or never." I say "Now," to-night, and maybe you'll say "Never," but it's one or the other.

And now we are going to pronounce the benediction in a minute, and sing a piece, and every soul here to-night that wants to answer the calls of God, and this may be your last call, is invited to remain. You say, "Oh, don't try to scare folks." Well, brother, I have said it to many men, and it was, sure enough. I don't know any more about what is going to happen than you do, but I can say this much: I have told many men, "This is your last call," and it was. It was.

THE LAST APPEAL.

Will you stay here a few minutes? Will you? If you are a Christian man, and a member of a St. Louis church, will you stay here to-night for a few minutes? God help us! God help us one more time before we die to do just what we ought to do. If you are a sinner, stay here and confess it. If you are a Christian, stay here, and let us bring some souls to God to-night.

Now, we are going to pronounce the benediction, and will you, friend, will you stay if you want to heed the calls of God? And if you have nothing to keep you but idle curiosity, then we don't want you to stay any longer to-night. We want you to come back to-morrow and to-morrow night, but we don't want you any longer to-night. But if you are interested, because interested for yourself, or interested for somebody else, then, friend, let us this night decide that we swear eternal allegiance to God. Let us to-night settle this question: "I have been putting it off long enough." Now we are going to receive the benediction.

(The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Brookes, and while many filed out, more remained to the after-service, and many found the confession of Christ to be a joy unto their souls.)





SERMON v.

INTEMPERANCE.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging : and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS XX. 1.

I DON'T see the need of writing a lecture on a subject. All the preparation a fellow needs, that is chock-full of his subjects up to his neck, is just to pull the bung out, and let nature cut her caper. I am just as full of prohibition, temperance and anti-liquor principles as an egg ever was full of meat. I want to talk to you about it honestly, candidly. I want to speak out of the abundance of my heart. I reach men better when I talk from my heart to their hearts—when eye strikes eye—heartology, if you will allow that expression. All men's hearts are on a level with each other. Their hearts form a great plane without a break in it. When we consider reason, imagination, learning, the whole world is full of mountain peaks and lowly valleys. The earth is not more irregular of surface than are the dwellers upon it, when thus compared one with another. But when we come to hearts, it is a great plane that stretches from border to border. No matter where our hearts may be, our hearts are close together. Let us talk heart-talk to-day. Let us pay very little attention to grammar, or rhetoric, or logic. The heart never prepares a sentence

before it utters it. The heart never scrutinizes a proposition to see whether it is correct according to the books. Let heart speak out to heart, then we shall come away with clearer views on one of the greatest issues that was ever sprung in any civilized country.

WHICH SIDE SHALL I TAKE.

I will not announce formally on which side I am. If you want to know which side I'm on I'll tell you what you may do. You slip up to the side of the great God that made this world and whisper in his ear and ask him which side he is on. You just put me down then on his side. I will work there. If that is a task too great for you, and you ask me: "Which side are you on, sir?" you go up yonder to that suffering, toiling, sinless one of Judea, who died for the race of man; whose every effort has been to lift the world up and make it better—you just put me down on his side. I am perfectly willing to labour with him. If this is a task too great for you, go to the angels, those beings that pitch their tents around us and abide with us, that they may catch the first faintest murmur of a penitent's lips, that there is one soul that is going to do better. You put me down with them. I am perfectly willing to cast my lot with them. If this is a task too great for you, go out yonder to the cemetery. There is a grave just six feet long, and a white marble covers it. Remove this marble, go down to the coffin, and there are the remains of a precious wife. Ask her what side she is on? I can afford to go with that sainted wife. Put me on her side. There is another grave, four feet long. It is the resting-place of little six-year-old Mary or Willie. Raise that little body up long enough to ask one question. "Whose side are you on?" I will say put me down on little Mary's or Willie's side. You go to all the good women of earth as they gather around one common cause and ask them which side they espouse. That is

my side. Ask every pale, ruined wife and every devoted mother upon which side her sympathies and prayers are given, and you may inscribe my name among theirs. Their side is my side. Ask all the happy, busy women of earth, and say: "Precious women of earth, which side of the question are you on?" You just put me down with the good women of America and I will abide by it. (Applause.) I would not have to stop long here to persuade you as to which side of this question God is on. I would not have to speak to you long to persuade you what side Christ takes in this issue—which side the angels take on this great question. I would beg you to listen but for a moment, to hear the voice of the precious, sainted wife or mother on this issue. I would ask but a minute to catch the faint whisper of little Mary's or little Willie's voice on this question. Every woman in this blasted land of ours says: "Down with the traffic that downs our husbands and children!" If you agree with me that they are on the side of temperance or prohibition, you cannot blame me for taking that side. Then whatever kind of blame may be heaped on the man who chooses the side of temperance and prohibition, however he may have to bear the abuse of men, however much the cry of "fanatic" may be raised, he has the satisfaction of knowing that God is with him. I have the consciousness that the angels have pitched their tents around me, and that I have the prayers and sympathies of every good woman in Heaven and on earth.

NO POLITICS IN THE QUESTION.

I wish to say this, that, like all other issues, there are two sides to this liquor question. There are the prohibitionists and the anti-prohibitionists. You will find among the anti-prohibitionists three classes: The whiskey makers, the whiskey sellers, and the whiskey drinkers. That is the side we propose to take issue with,

and I want to say to you this, that I have no fight to wage against whiskey makers as men, against whiskey sellers as men, or against whiskey drinkers as men. I have no fight to make against men at all. I want to rise above anything that is personal, that touches men as such, in this question. I want to discuss barrels and demijohns and still-houses, for that is the naked issue at last. In Georgia, in our local option counties, when an election is ordered, it is directed by act of the legislature that the tickets must be printed, or written in this way: "Against Whiskey," or "For Whiskey." The voter must have printed or written on his ticket: "Against Whiskey," that is, "Prohibition," or "For Whiskey," that is "Anti-prohibition." There is no politics in that. There is no more politics in that than cussin' and stealin' are questions of politics. The Democratic party may roll all the demijohns and barrels of whiskey in the party into one of their conventions and say to me: "Look out! if you will bring whiskey into the canvass you will ruin the party." My God! they've done got it all in there now. As long as you keep men out of this issue it can't be brought into politics, and so long as you make the fight against barrels and demijohns, and dram-drinking and drunkenness, there is no politics in this issue. I am as far from mixing with politics as any man you ever saw. I don't mix with politics, because if one lies down with dogs he will get up with fleas. On that principle I keep out of politics.

HOW SOME NEWSPAPERS TALK.

I pick up a newspaper, and, however reliable or unreliable it may be on other things, it will always tell the truth in politics. You can never doubt the newspaper on that theme. (Laughter.) I quote from this newspaper:

"The Democratic party is, as it always has been, opposed to sumptuary legislation and unequal taxation in

any form. It has ever advocated the liberty of private conduct adjusted with the public welfare; and the right, further, of regulating the liquor traffic and providing against the evils resulting therefrom by a just and properly graded license system."

I read that for I want to think about it. I will touch that later along the line. We have about two parties of any considerable importance in this country. One we call the Republican party, and the other is called the Democratic party. There is no difference in their platforms, except the difference of the tariff.

WHISKEY OR NIGGER—WHICH ?

The only side upon which they may claim to differ is that the Republicans have shouldered the nigger and the Democrats have straddled a barrel of whiskey. There they are—the two parties! Here is the Democrat astride his barrel of whiskey, and here's your Republican with the nigger on his shoulder. Party affiliation says you must swallow one or the other, or we will walk you out and consider you a traitor to the party. Let us look at the two a little bit. You ask me which I will take. I will say I was born, raised and have been a Democrat all my life, but if I have got to swallow a barrel of whiskey in the Democratic party, or desert that party and swallow a nigger—I have lived all my life among millions of niggers in the south, and I say that all the niggers in the south never did me as much hurt as one gallon of whiskey did once. If I have not good hard sense, if I am going to exercise my good hard sense, then I meet you as an honest man that wants to do his duty, and I ask you, "Will you become one if I choose the brother in black and gulp him down?" "Oh," say you, "you will divide the party—it will go down." I believe before God that the Democratic party has espoused the liquor interest and come out on the side of the whiskey

seller, and I want her to go down, down! and I have a text that will make her writhe in hell. We have been hallooing, "Turn the rascals out." You let a Republican be elected president four years hence and you will hear the same cry. The only difference between parties is that one is in and the other is out. It is a fight for spoils between the ins and outs—that's all. I want to say to you all this much: I owe my loyalty to God and the right, so far as I am individually concerned; as far as my wife and children are concerned. If God Almighty can be king of America, I don't care who is president or governor. Once enthrone the worst influence that God ever allowed to perpetuate itself on this earth, and then I defy you to reform this country.

PAY THE OWNERS AND BURN THE WHISKEY.

Now, as I said a moment ago, the three parties interested on the whiskey side are the whiskey makers, the whiskey sellers, and the whiskey drinkers. I feel very kindly toward the men. If you will separate them from their traffic they are just as clever as you or I, or anybody else. If I seek equity I must do equity. I would be willing to be taxed fifty per cent. additional to the regular tax of any state and county to pay these men every dollar they have invested in this business, and then I want to see a bonfire about nine o'clock at night of all the whiskey in the country, and then proclamation made that there is not a still-house in the United States of America. These whiskey men have built their still-houses and invested their money in that thing, and it would be a species of theft to confiscate and destroy their property without some sort of compensation. I am the last man in the world that would take a legitimately gained dollar out of any man's pocket. I am not like some of those Northern fellows that sold the nigger down here to us and put the money into their pockets and then

began cursing us because we had the nigger. (Laughter.) That was just about as mean as wanting to destroy these still-houses, after taking money for their license. Let us be honest while we propose to be moral.

A GOOD TIME TO BUY STILL-HOUSES.

I want to tell you another thing. There is not a still-house in America that wouldn't sell out to you cheap, right now. These little wild-cat fellows around here in the mountains wouldn't do it, because it is fruit time now; but if you will wait a little while they'll sell cheap, too. There's not a government distillery in the United States that you couldn't buy at fifty cents on the dollar.

WHY DO MEN SELL WHISKEY?

When it comes to the liquor sellers, I want to say a word or two about them. Do you know what makes a man sell liquor? Is it for the good he is doing humanity? For the kindness he is doing the race? Does he sell at a loss because he is doing the community good? Did you ever hear a man in the liquor business claim to be a benefactor to his race? When a man proposed to swear that he was ready to relinquish his claim on heaven for \$500, is was the money—the \$500—he wanted, for which he was willing to go to hell. That's the very thing that makes men sell whiskey. Do you know that? It has been my privilege to preach the gospel to many a bar-keeper, and to take him into the church, and the universal verdict of every bar-keeper thus convicted has been that, from the time he embarked in the business till he quit it, he knew and felt it was wrong. One fellow said he was drunk every day he was in the business. He was drunk nine months at a stretch. I sort o' admire that kind of fellow. I like that. The whiskey seller, I say, apart from his traffic, may be as clever a man as anybody.

A HOME THRUST.

No man in America engages in the liquor traffic on any other principle than for the money that is in it. No man steals for any other reason. I didn't say that a fellow that would sell whiskey would steal. You thought that was what I was going to say, and your thinking makes it that way. I will say this much. I will steal every bite I eat and every bite my children eat before I will sell it. I would. (Laughter and applause.) Why, I said something like that once, and a bar-keeper took me to task. "I don't agree with what you said to-day, sir." "What?" "Did you not say you would rather steal than sell whiskey? It is as honourable a business, sir, as a man ever followed." I said to him: "You know that widow on the hill?" "Yea." "She has two boys. Their father died about the time they were grown, and left them about \$3,000 or \$4,000, and they began drinking with you, sir. One of those boys is in the penitentiary now, and the other is off somewhere, the mother don't know where, and she is grieving her life away. Which would be worse, to have broken into that house and stole that money, or to have debauched her boys, as you have done—putting one into the penitentiary and running the other off?" He said he didn't want to talk about it, nohow.

"I NEVER SOLD WHISKEY NOR PLAYED CARDS."

It has been circulated all over this country that I was a bar-keeper and gambler, and all that sort of thing, but, sir, I never, in the worst hour of my life, got my consent to put the bottle to my neighbour's mouth. I never saw a moment when I would sit down and play cards. There are some of you trifling fellows listening to me now that are meaner and more reckless than I ever was. Some of you tell on me to this day that I won't pay my debts. If you will buy a claim against me, you will get paid with

compound interest from the time it was due. If you will find me any man at my home that says I won't pay my debts, I will eat him raw without salt. (Great laughter.) There is the place to find out all that is bad about a fellow—where he lives. I say it, with all the earnestness of my heart, I would steal before I would sell whiskey.

A TURN AT THE WHISKEY GUZZLERS.

Another thing I will touch on right along here is the whiskey guzzlers themselves. We come up to this poor fellow who drinks, blubbing over him and telling him what a magnificent, kind-hearted fellow he is, and how sorry we are to see him intoxicated. I don't know how many people I have had to tell me: "Jones, you are a clever, big-hearted fellow. You should quit drinking. It is a pity to drink." Now, it makes these whiskey drinking fellows feel big if you brag over them. Whenever you walk up to one of these guzzling fellows, you just tell him: "You imbruted hog, you might as well drink, you!" "What do you talk to me that way for?" he will ask. You tell him: "Whenever a man like you, sir, bleeds his wife's heart, ruins his home, pauperizes his children and debauches his own body, I want police billies to persuade him to stop." I will tell you what you may do with any four-legged hog on this mountain. Just take a pint of the whiskey you drink in this country and pour it down his throat, and when he gets sober, if it doesn't kill him, he will quit these diggins without stopping to say good-bye or settle his bill. (Much laughter.) These two-legged hogs will not only drink all they can get, but will pawn all their children's clothes to get more.

Which is the wiser hog of the two? If I were you I would get some more legs and a little more hair and be the other kind of a hog. (Laughter.) If you are a whiskey drinker you are not a clever man, a kind-hearted man, a first-class citizen, or anything of the sort—you are

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a dog, dog, d-o-g! I would rather have my little boys run with a dog than with you, sir, for they might get fleas on them from a dog, but they would not get drunk, as with you. A dog will beat you, sir, as a fellow to run with. You all can understand that; you can see that; you can see anything that is on a level with a bottle or demijohn; that is down on a level with you.

NOT SO CLEVER AFTER ALL.

Nobody but a covetous rascal and covetous scoundrel will sell whiskey, and nobody but a miserable fool will drink it. (Sensation.) Now we are getting the thing down about right. (Applause.) Now, that is cheering. Good! If you want to cheer, just cheer! The man who makes whiskey ought to be re-imburshed for the amount he has put into it. The man who sells it ought to be ready to quit, for if he has any intelligence at all, he has more to quit, except, perhaps, the three gallon fellow, and these little three gallon bar-keepers and the bob-tailed yellow dogs under the waggon—the meanest of their species. (Laughter and applause.)

COMING TO THE QUESTION.

Now, as I have said, there are three elements involved on the whiskey side of this issue—the men who make it, the men who sell it, and the men who drink it. These last form the largest class of humanity. Now we come to the main proposition—prohibition or no prohibition. And just as soon as you spring this question, men are going to talk about “liberty,” and say, “He wants to destroy the liberty of the American people.” Do you know that liberty means the power to do right. License means the power to do wrong. There is the difference—liberty is to right what license is to wrong. Every whiskey license in America to-day is sold for so much, with the distinct understanding that wrong is to come of it. I am opposed to

licensing a bar, because it puts the poor, helpless family at the mercy of the most heartless brutes that curse the fair face of earth. The child of a physician in our town went to one of these fiends and said: "Please don't sell papa any more whiskey. He has been on this spree for two weeks." And then the bar-keeper turned around and crushed the heart of that pure girl with, "Madam, I pay license for my business." Her heart bled as she went home to tell her mother: I am down on license! "What are you going to do? Prohibition don't prohibit," you say. Let me tell you why that is

A LIE BLACK AS HELL

every time you say it. I can prove that you have lied, and that you are a fool to keep saying it.

One gentleman, who thinks he is a statesman, says: "The reason I am against prohibition is, I believe it will ruin the trade of the country. A man can lie, no matter how low down he gets. The first town below my town is Acworth. Thirteen years ago Acworth voted whiskey out. There were more than ten to one in favour of prohibition. There was not a single nigger in the whole town or district that voted for whiskey. There were some white men that did. That was one time I said, and the first time, that I would rather be a "nigger" than a "poor white man." At Murfreesboro' I talked on temperance and prohibition, and I said I wanted every coloured man that will put his vote in against whiskey to rise, and every one of them stood on his feet. When I was ready to call upon the white folks, a man arose and said: "Jones, you took the advantage of us; you voted the niggers first." "Now, maybe there is something in that, for a fellow that has got lower down than a darkey on a moral question don't like to display his meanness in public. "Prohibition does not prohibit, and then it injures trade." All over Georgia, in counties where prohibition has been carried and prac-

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ticed from two to ten years, and in some counties longer, the communities are growing and are better off, in a business point of view, than they ever have been. Well, you say: "We all see towns that vote whiskey out and still keep it there." They are selling it around the edges. In Cartersville we are doing our best in this matter. I heard there was a little around the edges, and I said, "I will give a \$50 suit of clothes to any nigger or to any white man that can get a drink of whiskey." If I can't stop it that way, I am going to Atlanta, and, if necessary, to New York, to get a detective to keep this thing out. Two or three men in a town can see to it that it stays out, and there will be no more trouble. You can go to Cartersville and get a fine suit of clothes any morning if you can get a drink of whiskey there. I am so glad I got whiskey out. I am raising my boys there. I said to a whiskey man there: "I am going to give you till the first of January to sell out. We will put you and your demijohns both out then, if you are not ready. If my little Paul comes to your place for whiskey, take him out in the back yard and chop his head off. I would rather you would do that than to give him a drink of whiskey. If you chop his head off he goes to God, but if you give him whiskey you ruin him forever." In all the love and kindness of my soul, I believe that every citizen of this country has the right to say whether he wants whiskey or not. If every man will take this question fairly, before his mind there is not a father that will not put this stuff out of the reach of his boys.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAND MARCH.

Out they march—60,000 of them a year—into drunkards' graves. St. Louis has 1,800 bar-rooms; Chicago and Cincinnati 3,000 each. Cincinnati, with its 3,000 bar-rooms, can alone make 60,000 drunkards—that would be only twenty to the bar-room. The old dog died drunk,

but they say he died of apoplexy, heart disease or something of the sort. They always lie about it. Nobody can say he died drunk. They will hatch up a "sun-stroke" if they can't find anything more plausible—that is, if he has any family. You can tell absolutely nothing from the statistics. But you know what that bar-room is. It is the recording office of Hell! And is sustained by the voice of the community! Sixty thousand go down into drunkards' graves this year. They go into your family for recruits to keep the ranks of this army of drunkards full. Your John, William or Henry they inveigle into

THE ROAD TO HELL.

If men will make and sell and drink whiskey, let them hide and skulk in the mountains, and let it be known that every man involved in the infamous business is a criminal. (Applause.) You say, "we will defend you—our laws defend you and sustain you in all you say." Now, this is the very question. Your laws forbid whiskey men selling liquor to minors. That is a lick at the whiskey business. Your license laws forbid selling liquor on election days. That is an abridgement of the business. There is a snake. It is biting the race. You believe in hitting it on the tail or body. I don't. I think you ought to cut its head off. I don't care anything about its tail. If I have a right to strike its tail I will strike it hard, and I will strike to kill. I want to locate its head and cut it off forever. (Applause.) If we could just put it all out of America at once!

"I would vote for it, but I don't believe in prohibiting it in one place and selling it in another." You say if your wife were to start to make you a coat and should say: "I can't sew up all the sleeves at once," she would talk just as you are talking now. The old man is out there shivering in the cold. He says: "Wife, sit down there, and take a stitch at a time." Let us take a district, a

county, a state at a time, until we roll every barrel out into the Atlantic ocean, and then say, "Thank God, we are free now."

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SOME PERSONAL POINTS.

The reason we drink is that we cannot control ourselves. Go to the hog pen and pour out corn. Say to one hog, "You take six grains of this corn and no more." To another hog, "You take ten grains." That is "temperance," and temperance with a vengeance. I might say, "You take three drinks a day," and soon you will be taking ten before breakfast, ten before dinner, and lie drunk all night.

You will have drunkards as long as you have these young dram-drinking bucks growing up here. I am against whiskey every time the issue comes up. I am in favour of every measure that is opposed to it. I don't care how imperfect the method and the letter may be, whenever the question of whiskey is raised, you will have my voice and my vote against it. When I fall down on my knees, when I get up off my knees, I am going to pray against it. I am going to work against it. I am going to live against it, and I am going to die fighting whiskey. I have drank to almost my eternal ruin; but, God being my helper, I can now say, here is one man that will die sober. I will drink no more, and when I get to where nothing but whiskey will save me, get me a shroud and a coffin ready, for I am going to die sober.

The greatest curse this country has are these little quack doctors who have just sense enough to collect their bills and prescribe whiskey. If anybody is sick, the little quack will say: "I think a little corn whiskey, with a little bark in it will help you." If I were a doctor I would not prescribe whiskey for a fellow until he had been dead three days, nor to an old woman until she had just died. These are the only two classes in the universe that I would give whiskey to. Whenever the doctor says whis-

key is the best thing for that trouble, Sam Jones says: "You are a liar, sir." There is not a disease that whiskey does not aggravate. You little old quacking thing, running about here with a sort of travelling bar-room, I have a contempt for you.

I am dead down on it, now and forever. I am against the traffic now. I shall be against whiskey when I come to die, and I shall have no regrets about this thing. I never heard a man say, "I am sorry because I set a sober example; I am sorry I never drank before my children." You whiskey sellers will have to meet your customers up yonder where there are no demijohns, and whiskey barrels, and ten cent pieces passed over the bar. You will have to give an account to God for your corner in this business down here.

This grand old State! She has gone through many agonies that have shaken her from centre to circumference. This old State has gone through blood and death, and I hope to see the day when every mother can call her boys around her dying couch, and, closing her eyes upon all of earth, say: "Whatever else may happen, my precious boys will never be drunkards. I die with the consciousness that my boys will never go down to hell through drink." (Applause.) A poor woman in one of my meetings sat but about ten feet from me, and looking up in my face said: "Thank God for what that man is saying. I left my poor husband so drunk he could not get on his feet." All over the land there are hearts and homes desolate and ruined by this curse, and if there is no other man to fight for them, here is one man that will stand faithfully to the last. We will now receive the benediction.



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SERMON VI.

CONSCIENCE.

"What I have written I have written."—ST. JOHN, xix. 22.

I WANT to read three or four verses of Scripture that I hope you will fix your minds upon—get the whole of them. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth. And walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes. But know now that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment." * * * "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, and every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." * * * "So then every one of us shall give an account to God. And the books were opened, and another book." And then comes the text, which is the nineteenth chapter and twenty-second verse of the Gospel by St. John: "What I have written I have written."

CONSCIENCE, RECORD, GOD.

Now, brethren, give us your attention and your prayers for forty or fifty minutes. This service this afternoon is,

to my mind, the most remarkable one of all the series, in perhaps the stormiest afternoon we have seen this year, this vast audience of men have come to hear. Some have come through curiosity, some to pray, some to be benefited. There are some things that you and I had to do with yesterday. We have had to do with them yesterday, and we shall have to do with them forever—conscience, record, God.

Conscience, that reigning prince in my bosom, approving the right and disproving the wrong; that something within me which, if enlightened, speaks out on all moral questions, commanding what is right, prohibiting that which is wrong; that reigning king in my bosom which makes me miserable when I might be happy, takes my appetite away from me when I sit down to the richest tables of earth; that something which will not let me sleep, though my pillow is soft and my bed is easy. Conscience, conscience, conscience! Where is the man that hasn't felt the pangs of outraged conscience? The most fearful sin a man can commit in this world is to deliberately sin against his own conscience. That woman in the sight of God who takes her babe to the Ganges and throws it into its waters and drowns it in answer to the dictates of her conscience—that woman is a better woman, I say, in the sight of God than that Christian, enlightened man who goes contrary to his conscience and feels its outraged pangs. I might stop and say conscience ought to be educated and enlightened, but it was only found anywhere along the line between you and danger—between you and destruction. It is the only hand that can run up the red flag on your highway and tell you there is danger ahead. You had better do anything than outrage your conscience, and crush its voice, and have it buried, and have a tombstone raised above it in your bosom. Brethren, have you ever violated any of the statutes of this book? One man says: "Well, yes; I never stole anything, though. I never was drunk. I never bore false witness." I didn't

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ask you how many you didn't commit, but how many offences you have committed against this book. "Well," you say, "I have committed some offences, I will admit that." Let me see. "He that breaketh the least commandment is guilty of all."

How can that be? Yonder is a boat chained to the banks of the lake. It is my boat. I have lost the key. The chain has one hundred links. Some of them are big and some are small. Now, how many links must I cut in order to get that boat loose? Ten of the biggest? Five of the middle-sized ones? When I cut the smallest link in that chain isn't that boat as effectually loosened as if I had cut them all?

EXPLAINING MORALITY.

Let's not boast of our morality. I dare assert some are meaner than others, but do you know the difference between a moral man and an immoral man? Hear me, you men who are clean in your lives so far as human observation goes. It is the difference between smallpox and typhoid fever. One is external and the other internal. Both are certain to cause death unless remedies can be brought to bear upon them.

There is no law to justify a sinner. That man says: "I tell you what my hope is. I used to be a sinner, but I quit." Suppose a man walked up to the governor of Illinois and said: "I killed a man up at Chicago last night; I killed him in cold blood, and I thought I would call up and tell you about it. Governor, I am never going to kill another man while I live. You can count on it. I am done killing men," and he goes. The governor says: "Arrest that man. Don't come and tell me that you have quit. I will see that you are hung by the neck for the killing you have already done." O, me! if men could see just once that going to quit doing wrong is no claim. You ought to have been quit all your life, and now you claim some res-

pectability because you have quit. Brothers, I believe in reformation. No man preaches reformation stronger than I do, and I teach that repentance means reformation, and reformation means repentance; but, thank God, I believe in regeneration as strongly as I believe in reformation, and one is as possible under God as the other. You have reformed. "I have done quit cursing." What are you going to do about that cursing you have already done, you black-mouthed rascal? (Laughter.)

"I done quit Sabbath breaking." What are you going to do about that you have already done? "I am not going to steal any more." What are you going to do with the goods you have already stolen? And what are you going to do about your whole case, and how? Here is just exactly where the poor sinner is.

There is a criminal in jail, and he is to be hung the third Friday of next month. Last night he broke out with the confluent smallpox. If the governor pardons him he will die of smallpox. If you cure him of the smallpox he is going to be hung. Don't you see the condition of the poor fellow? (Laughter.) Every man in this world is morally in that condition. Your actual transgressions and sins have brought the justice of God to bear upon you, and he has already pronounced sentence, and it is to be executed. Now, if God were to pardon you and leave you just like you are, what would you do with the moral corruption engendered in your nature by your actual meanness before God? You may take a hog out of a mud hole and put him in a bath tub, and wash him with soap from head to foot, and perfume him, and he will slip right out of your fingers and break for the mud hole again. (Laughter.) And you may take one of these old sinners and just let the act of pardon be extended by the Lord, and as soon as he has pardoned all the past turn him loose like he is, and he will be drunk again before Saturday night, and be into his meanness perhaps before to-morrow morning. Brother, we not only want pardon,

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but we want something else that God always gives with pardon, and that is renewed nature. He takes the hog out of, and thus keeps us out of, the mud hole. (Laughter.)

If the law condemns, then the question is how are my chances by force of testimony? Every man is keeping his own record. The newspapers, and agnostics, and universalists, etc., have had a good deal to say about Jones's Georgia swamp ideas about hell, and all that sort of thing. I want it understood, now and forever, that this old King James's edition is the one my mother guided her life by, and pillowed her head on, and died easy. It is good enough for me, and I am fool enough, thank God, to believe every word in this good, blessed old book, from Genesis to Revelation. (Applause and cries of "Blessed be God.") If there is a man in this city who thinks nobody but a fool can believe his Bible, then God bless you. I shall live a happy fool, and die a happy fool, and spend eternity in heaven among the fools who have gone there before me. (Applause.) That is just what is the matter with Chicago.

She has got ahead of the Bible. (Applause and laughter.) Instead of you following this book, this book is close on your track. I'd rather run along an humble follower of this book than have this book get a'ter me. (Laughter.) I saw a dog running a hog once for dear life, but the dog was in front. (Great laughter.) I will follow along humbly behind this book. I will follow its precepts and adopt its mysteries, and study them in eternity. Oh, my brother, is it a crime, and is a man necessarily a fool that believes his Bible? (Cries of "No.") To say nothing about intelligence and morals, it is a reflection upon every organized Christian church in this city for newspapers and others to twit men with the idea that they believe in hell. It is sheol now. The new edition has knocked the bottom out of perdition and put the fires out. This book is the grand book of the universe. Burn it up, and you burn up our hope. I will

will take it as my counsel, and I believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, and if the book had said Jonah swallowed the whale, I would have believed that, too. (Laughter and applause.) And I think some man said truthfully that Christianity makes a man believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, but infidelity makes a little fool believe that Jonah swallowed the whale, and you are obliged to believe one or the other, and you can't dodge it. (Laughter.)

NO FLESH SHALL BE JUSTIFIED

by the law, by the force of testimony this record we are all keeping. It is the evidence by which we fall or stand at the base of God. But you say, "The Bible is not true; there is no hell and no future punishment." The most awful hell that my mind can conceive of at all is to be shut out from the good, with a record facing me from hour to hour that is enough to make the devil himself hide his black face and weep with horror as he sees me in that lost estate. A little boy came home from church and said to an old coloured woman, "The preacher preached on hell and brimstone; now, where does God get all his brimstone to burn sinners?" The old coloured woman said, "Ah, honey, every sinner takes his own brimstone there with him to burn him." (Great laughter.) And no man ever went into hell that did not have a hell in him before he started there. (Applause.) Take that man down there with a record which, if his wife knew it like God knows it, she would spurn you from her presence and never look on you again. Take that impure boy in a home where there are pure mothers and sisters. You sit at the same table and eat there, and if they could read your record like God can read it, you would never enter home again. Every midnight carousal, debauching body and soul, shall be made known, no matter how secret it is. God says things done in secret shall be proclaimed from the house-tops; mark that—the record

of every day, every unclean thing, every unjust deed of a life like yours. You needn't say, "There is a hell up yonder in some universe," but, "this hell in my soul—to carry a consciousness of guilt and record that makes me call upon the rocks and mountains to hide me from the face of God forever."

"What I have written I have written," and every line of that life to this hour—there it is in your own handwriting. It is as true as the Bible. The record of that impure man, that impure husband, of that thief, of that Sabbath-breaker, of that malicious man—O, sir, dream not that it is all forgotten. It shall be read out before the congregated throng when you face it at the final bar of God. O, brethren of the ministry and brothers of the Church of God, what is our record? How many of you (turning to the audience) are renting out houses to lewd women to carry on their infernal business in, members of the church? I have not only got no respect for the member of the church that will do that, but I have no respect for a pastor that will house a man like that in his church. (Great applause, especially from the preachers.)

Whenever the devil, with the worst influences of earth, can rent his lewd houses and his bar-rooms from Methodists, and Baptists, and Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, it is a disgrace to the cause of Jesus Christ and an insult to every decent man in the community. (Applause.) Remember, old fellow, you are putting it down in black and white who your renters are, and how much you get each month, and God will read it out on you by-and-bye. You can hide it no way. One of the leading men of Cincinnati told me he had been all over the town and counted up the gambling hells, lewd houses and other places of vice, and had found that Baptist deacons, Presbyterian elders and Methodist stewards owned a number of them. And he said: "I first intended to publish the names, but when I saw them I was scared to death; I wouldn't have published them for all the world." (Laughter and ap-

plause.) I'll tell you what, if you all will write me the facts that you can stand up and put your name to, I will call them out for you here before ten thousand people. (Tremendous applause.)

Jesus Christ said: "I come to send fire on earth," and that is what he meant—a consuming fire of indignation against a man who professes to be good and moral, and then will lend himself to such infernal influences for so much a month paid up in cash. You are a wretch, disgrace and a scoundrel, and a dog, sir, if you run on that line. (Loud applause.) I don't care who you are, whose husband or father or son you are, nor which house on Michigan avenue you live in, you are a disgrace to the world if you profess to be a Christian and rent your property for these unholy influences. (Applause.)

Record! I have been riled by the newspapers and preachers and members of the church about the way I talk about churches in this city. I defy any man on earth that has any more love for the Church of God than I have, and, God helping me, I will die in a pool of blood at her front door before these minions of the devil shall come in and claim a home with the people of God. (Great applause.) Lots of these old scoundrels have been yelping away about the way I have been going on. They are the hit dog, you can bet that. (Applause and laughter.) You start a fellow down a road half a mile a minute, and put about forty buckshot in him every ten steps, and he'll yelp; you needn't have any doubt about that. (Applause and laughter.) If they are not hurt, how came they to holler? (Laughter.) If not hit, how came they to be hurt? If you have been disgracing the Church of God Almighty, you had better not come in range of my gun. I will shoot you every time. (Laughter and applause.) Sometimes, though, I have seriously concluded, "Jones, you have hit many a one, but you have wasted a heap of powder and shot. Your game wasn't worth it." (Laughter.)

Record! Record! Brethren, we are making a record every day and every hour. Every sin is like the man that commits it. It is immortal, and it shall live forever. Ye agnostics, listen! What does your agnosticism propose to do with your conscience and your record. These little agnostics going about remind me of cockle-burrs, which seem to be of no use except to catch in and tangle a horse's mane. You have seen these little agnostics all around—little doctors. A great many of them are studying medicine, and it has got so now that a doctor don't think he can proceed to take hold of a patient or make a pill right round till he gets to be a sort of an agnostic—can't make a round pill or get a diploma until he is an agnostic. (Laughter.) There is a certain kind of grass that the cows get hold of in South Georgia, and it turns their hair the wrong way—(laughter)—and they get so poor they have to lay up against a stump to low at all. And these little doctors and little lawyers, little agnostics among all classes pitch in and eat a certain kind of intellectual grass, and the first thing the hair is all turning the wrong way on them, and they get so poor they have to lean up against agnosticism to low at all. (Laughter.) God pity the little old case like you are. You are a hard-looking case when your hairs are the right way. (Laughter.)

A doctor and agnostic, and really he hasn't got sense enough to be a shoemaker. (Laughter.) What can a man's agnosticism do with his conscience and his record, and with God? I read Tyndall, and he says he don't treat on these subjects at all. I read Darwin, and he told me where I came from and left me. (Laughter.) I have heard preachers preach on the origin of evil. I don't care about the origin of evil, but if anybody can tell me the way out of it, he is my man. (Laughter.) I got hold of Spencer, but he couldn't enlighten me. When I turned my back on all earthly philosophy and all human science, and came to the cross, I said blessed be God for the glorious Gospel of Christ. The blood of Jesus Christ can blot out every

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word and every line of your record, and not an angel can say aught against you. With a record blotted out in the blood of Jesus Christ, I can go up to the judgment and pass my record to the recording angel. It is as white as snow. God himself will sit on the throne. Who will lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. And there I stand acquitted at the final bar of God by force of law, by force of testimony, and by the pardon of God; and I am a saved man, not only in all that is blessed in spiritual things, but saved in soul and body, for time and eternity.

How many men will rise and say: "My record—I will go down under the blood with the record, and have it all blotted out, and live a better life!"

Every man of you that feels "That is my conviction, my sentiment," will you stand up? and God Almighty grant you pardon and life. (Nearly the whole audience arose.) Thank God, thank God.

A COLLECTION FOR THE ORPHANS.

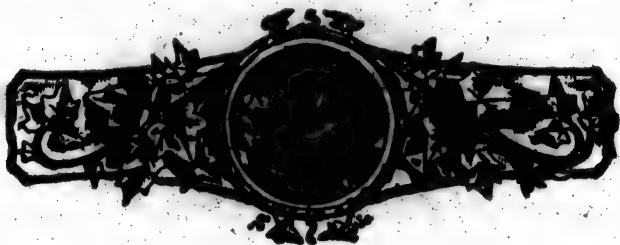
Now, every one, be seated for about two minutes. If ever I have sweated, and worked, and done my best, it is here. We are going to work on and work on. And my highest hope is that God is going to reward these tears and drops of sweat, earnest talks to the thousands of you men. After the benediction if any of you want to meet me in that room and talk a few minutes, I will be glad to meet you there. Now, the ladies Thursday gave me a contribution for the Orphan's Home of my State. Every man of you who hates orphans and wants them to perish to death I want you to leave—(laughter)—but the balance I want to stay just five minutes longer. I receive no salary for caring for these orphans, and I believe God blesses me in my other work while I try to preach the Gospel and try to take care of little orphan children. If you don't give a cent I will think just as much of you—

if I can. (Laughter.) Brothers of the ministry, get your hats and go to work. (The preachers eagerly obeyed.) If anybody can take up a collection it is a preacher. He has seen more of it done than anybody. The ladies the other day gave me \$319, and I should feel awful bad if you should let them beat you in that line. (Laughter.) This is the only collection you reporters come in on. (More laughter.) Some of you stand at the door there and head off those gentlemen that are in a hurry. (Laughter.) Don't be in a hurry. I want to tell them I saw one Chicago congregation who didn't try to break its neck getting out of the house. (Laughter and applause.)

AN INCIDENT.

A coloured man in the audience—Mr. Jones, are there any coloured orphans in your home?

Mr. Jones—No, sir, there are none. I have been in conference with one of the leading coloured men in the State, and I told him that whenever he got his schedule made out he could count me in for all I could do to inaugurate a Coloured Orphans' Home in our State. I believe we are going to have just such a home there. You have got everything else in our State that we have got except that, and you are going to have that some of these days. There is a right that the white man has in Georgia that the coloured man hasn't got. The white relatives of an old coloured woman down in my State were trying to take out of her hands by a lawsuit property to the amount of \$300,000, and a white jury gave that property to the old coloured woman. (Applause.) We are like you are. We have got some bad folks down there that don't do right, but a large majority of the people of the South are a law-abiding people, and I trust God, as we grow more religious every year, we are getting to be better citizens in every sense. And we will join hands with you in the right.



SERMON VII.

WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap; he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption. But he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—GALATIANS vi. 7, 8.

LET us heed this exhortation a moment—the first clause of the text: "Be not deceived."

THREE ABSOLUTE IMPOSSIBILITIES.

We say there are three absolute impossibilities in this life. There may be a thousand, but we know of three.

In the first place, we say it is an absolute impossibility for a man to continuously and successfully practice a fraud upon his immortality. The price God puts on the soul is too great for him, the author of the soul, to suffer me to practice fraud upon him. If I am a good man, I know I am a good man; if I am not a good man, I know it. It is perfectly natural for human nature at times to bring to bear upon itself the flattery of its friends and the good opinion it may naturally hold of itself; but after we have listened to the flattery of those who speak to us, and after we bring to bear on our self-pride, thank God, there are moments in our life when God breaks the

silence of eternity and speaks out to us in unmistakable language; he shows us who we are, and he shows us what we are, and he shows us whither we are tending.

I am so glad God will not let a man lay down and sleep his way to hell. I am so glad that ever and anon God will wake humanity up and show us exactly what we are.

ANXIOUS FOR FLATTERY.

Poor human nature! It would listen to the flattery of the world, would it? It would bring to bear all of its self-pride and find a refuge in these things; but God will sweep away these refuges of lies and show us what we are—in spite of ourselves, in spite of our friends, in spite of earth, in spite of devils, God will make us see ourselves. It is a blessed consolation; if I am a good man, I know it. It is an awful condemnation; if I am a bad man, I know it.

It is absolutely impossible for a man to continuously practice a fraud upon his immortality.

We say again that it is absolutely impossible for a man to practice a fraud upon his neighbour. Now, if you are a good man your neighbour knows it, and if you are not a good man your neighbour knows it.

CAN'T DECEIVE YOUR NEIGHBOURS.

The Bible tells us that the good on earth are like a seed sowed on a hill that can't be hid. The book tells us that the good are like a light upon the candlestick setting upon the table, and no matter how great the darkness the brilliancy of the candle shows itself to all that are in the room.

It is a delusion of human nature, of humankind, that "After all, I am not so bad as I thought I was, and after all, men don't think me as bad as I am."

Oh, what a luxury in human experience the consciousness that "nobody knows me just as I am." There are

some things that are covered up; there are some things that no eye ever looked at; there are some things I can shut the door upon the world and say, 'Thou canst not enter and see.'

DECEIVES NOBODY.

But after all you are deceiving nobody. I tell you what if you dress up in disguise and go to-morrow night to one of your neighbours and sit and talk with him two or three hours, get him talking about you and get him to spend about an hour on you, he will tell you things about yourself that you didn't dream anybody in this universe knew anything about; and your property may be for sale, for aught I know—"I will migrate; I thought nobody in the world knew me as I am. Why, that man told me some things about me that I thought were buried ten fathoms in forgetfulness and ignorance."

Oh, me! this world knows us as we are. This old world knows preachers, knows official members, knows the little insignificant members. This world knows you, friend of the world, and what you are and who you are.

No man can successfully and persistently practice a fraud upon his neighbour. We know you. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

YOU CAN'T DECEIVE GOD.

Then again, no man can successfully and continuously practice a fraud upon God.

God knows me through and through. He knows all about me. He knows where I live. He knows which room I sleep in. His eye is upon me from my mother's knees up to this hour. He has not only seen all the acts of my life, but he saw the thoughts and the motives behind. And God knows me through and through. I am as transparent in his sight as the clearest glass you ever looked through. God knows me as I am. "Be not deceived."

First, don't suffer yourself to begin in the thought that you can practice a fraud upon yourself. Don't suffer yourself to be beguiled into the notion that you are deceiving your neighbour, and, above all things,

GOD IS NOT MOCKED.

"God is not mocked." The literal translation of that sentence, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked," the literal every-day translation of that is this: "You need not be turning up your nose on God like you were playing pranks on him; he knows you through and through." That is about the most straightforward and practical way we can put that sentence. That is just what it means, through and through. "God is not mocked. For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

TRUE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

That text—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—is true whether there is any God at all or not; that text is true whether a man is immortal or not; that text is true whether there is a heaven or not, or a hell or not; that text would have been as true if you had found it in Hume's History of England, as it is true, found in the word of God; that would have been as true if Socrates had said it as it is true as God says it; that text is true whether there is anything else true in the moral universe of God or not. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

This is a common platform upon which all humanity are agreed. This is one of Ingersoll's favourite texts. "That which a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

A COMMON ACCEPTATION.

No matter whether he be Jew or Gentile, whether he be Christian or Infidel, whether he be Theist or Deist, they

all meet on this truism. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Now, this is true in the physical world about us. This is true in all nature around us. Whatever you sow, that you reap. If I go into my garden and sow a row of lettuce, I don't expect anything from the time the seed drops from my fingers until they are gathered for the table but lettuce. If I go into my field and sow wheat, I don't expect anything but wheat. If I drop corn in a row, from the time the furrows cover up the corn until I gather up the full ear I don't expect anything but corn. Whatever I sow, that I reap.

THE MULTIPLYING NATURE OF SEED.

And then, again, I notice the multiplying nature of the seed sown.

A member of our conference said to me once—he was then stationed at Cedar Town, Ga., and he said in the spring that he saw that a seed of oats came up and began to grow off. As he began cultivating his garden, he said he cultivated around it and left it, and it grew out and bunched off until it matured, and he said: "I went into my garden and pulled up the bunch of oats and went into my house and counted the seed," and he said, "there were 800 seeds of oats come from that one seed of grain." Now, suppose you sow in the spring those 800 seeds of oats, then the next fall, the next summer, you have forty bushels. Sow those forty bushels, then you have 1,600 bushels. Sow those 1,600 bushels, and you could see, if such a thing were possible, there could not be less than this world 100 feet deep in oats, all come from a single grain.

THE ORIGINAL SOWING.

Oh, how that reminds me. Away back yonder in the Garden of Eden, six thousand years ago, Adam dropped one little seed of sin in that Garden of Eden, and to-day

this world is full of sin and full of woe. Like not only begets its like, but we know it is the multiplying nature of the seed sown.

Well, this is just as true in the moral universe as it is true in the physical universe. Every man and woman in this house to-night, you carry about with you with this arm a basket of spiritual seed, and every step in your life your hand goes down into the basket, and you are scattering the seed to the right and to the left, and they come up and grow off, and produce and reproduce after their kind; and the iniquity and the abominations and the wickedness of St. Louis to-day follow as inevitably from the seed sown the past few years as ever effect followed cause, or that water runs down hill.

When I would know the moral status and the moral life of a community, I would know something of its history—the previous history of that community. If you will tell me what kind of seed have been sown in this community in the last twenty years, I will tell you what the harvest will be. Just as truly as if you told me what kind of seed you put in the ground, I will tell you then what sort of harvest there will be in the field. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Every act of my life is a seed, every word is a seed, every deed is a seed, and we are not going about through this country scattering these seeds in these valleys or on these hillsides, but we are scattering them in human hearts, and they come up and produce and reproduce, just like the seed we sow.

NO RECALLING THE SOWING.

And—and then fearful thought! When once a seed drops from our hand it is gone forever. The old woman who went to her priest and confessed, among other things, that she had talked, and talked unwisely and unscripturally to one of the neighbours, and there was a furor in

that community on account of it, and she had been the cause of it by her tattling to one of the neighbours, and the priest said to her: "Now, I give you as a penance, as a punishment, before I absolve you, this to do. Now go and gather a basket of thistle seed and go in the pathway between those neighbours, and scatter those thistle seeds to the right and to the left, and when you have done that come back to me," and in a few moments she returned and she said: "I have done as you bid me."

SOMETHING IMPOSSIBLE.

"Now," he said, "I want you to go and gather up those seeds in the basket and bring them to me." "Oh," she said, "that I can never do!" "Oh," said the devout priest, "neither can you undo the mischief you have done in that community."

Fearful thought! Whenever a seed is gone from my grasp, it is gone forever. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

There are a few great principles in the moral universe around us we might notice, and then narrow the discussion to the practical one, so that we may take hold of it as individuals. Suppose I announce this fact:

SOW WHISKEY, REAP DRUNKARDS.

Sow whiskey, reap drunkards. Would you deny the proposition? If you do I beg you go to the desolate home, to the fatherless children, to every staggering drunkard that curses this city to-night, and as they look you in the face you will say it is a truth as deep as the universe, if you sow whiskey you will reap drunkards. And St. Louis with her 2,000 dram shops is illustrating this truth in God's moral universe to an extent that is enough to make the angels themselves weep tears of blood. And in this sowing of whiskey and reaping of drunkards, you, as the God-fearing people of St. Louis, are *particeps criminis* in

the whole business. Every man is responsible for every drop of liquor sold in this city, until he has done his level best to put it out. I know there is a cry of "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace, and so long as this traffic is indorsed by the press and parlour and winked at by the pulpit, this fearful curse will blight humanity for all ages to come.

Sow whiskey, reap drunkards! I have been frequently, my fellow-citizens, accused of exaggeration. They say I speak in hyperbole; that I over-colour things; that I say things that are too strong. I can go to our cemetery to-night, and I can unearth a dozen skeletons and bring them and stand them at this sacred desk by my side and bid you look, and I defy earth and hell to exaggerate the picture. You can't exaggerate what sin is doing for humanity any more than you can exaggerate the beauties and joys of heaven. Not one bit.

SUGAR-COATED RELIGION.

But humanity leans toward the sugar-coated. They want everything sugar-coated, no matter what, and I declare to you to-night this world is sick and sick unto death, and what's the matter? You take the old book, and if you'll read this book from Genesis to Revelations, and read it with an eye to the truth it asserts, you'll never say preachers exaggerate any more!

Here's a patient, sick; and here's a nurse tending by his side. The doctor gives the prescription to the nurse and says:

"Give it every two hours."

Next morning the doctor returns and the patient is worse, and the doctor says:

"I see the patient is much worse. Did you give the prescription at the right time? Did you give them to him like I told you?"

"No—I—doctor, I thought these powders were so large I was afraid to give them to him that way, and I took out about half of the powder, and I thought it would kill the fellow to give it to him just like you gave it to me, and I took out some of the powders!"

And the patient dies! Who is to blame? Who is to blame?

God Almighty tells every preacher, "I put you by the side of the death-bed of this world, and I give you the prescription. Now give it to the patient." And we, as preachers are dividing up the doses, and we say, "It would kill the poor fellow to give it to him." Well, God bless us, let's kill him. (Laughter.) I'm no homoeopath when it comes to morals. (Laughter.)

CAN TELL IT BY THE NEWSPAPERS.

I know this old world is sick. I can shut my Bible for twelve months, and simply read your daily newspapers and see that this old world is sick unto death. And, God being my helper and my judge, I'm going to give you the powders just as he means them, and, if they kill the patient, then no one can point his bony finger at me at the judgment, and say:

"If you had given it like God said for you to do, sir, I wouldn't have been here in this condition."

As I said yesterday morning at St. John's, there's one beauty about religion. If President Cleveland had commenced bemeaning the Democratic party and showing up its corruption as I have tried to show up the corruption of the churches of this city, the Democratic party would have been disrupted and disbanded and gone to pieces to-day. If James G. Blaine had gone and talked about the Republican party and showed up the rascality and meanness in the Republican party as I have tried to show up the wickedness and worldliness of the churches of this town, the Republican party would have gone to

pieces. But the Lord Jesus Christ, with his grand system of recovery—the more you set fire to and the more you burn up the more there is left, thank God. And the more you denounce the thing, the more the thing will rally to the right; and to-day Jesus Christ with his system of religion has the only system that will bear such an ordeal as that. And I tell you people, to-day, if you want to make the world good, set on fire and burn up everything that ought to be burned up, and tell God to take what is left—and there's more left than there was when you commenced—and use it for his glory, and we will have a grand church down here in this world.

A NOVEL USE FOR A LICENSE.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Announce the truth to the world! If you sow whiskey you'll reap drunkards. You'll reap drunkards. I declare to you, if I were ever to sell whiskey or wanted to sell whiskey—and I never will and never shall—but if I should, I would want to go to a Christian city in a Christian country, and I would want to have the indorsement of Christian aldermen and Christian councilmen. And when I procured my license, signed up and indorsed, I would file it away in charge of my wife, and tell her: "Wife, when I come to die put this license in my coffin with me."

And when the resurrection trump shall wake me from the dead, the first thing I would think of would be my license. (Laughter.) And when God called me to the judgment and showed me what I had done for the race, I would pull out my license, indorsed by Christian people and signed by Christian mayors and council, and tell God:

"I didn't know there was a bit of harm in it. These Christian people backed me."

And God Almighty will pour the whole shebang in hell together. Now you mark that. (Applause.) It is time for us to wake up.

COULD DO IT IF THEY WANTED TO

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." I am responsible for the sowing of all evil until I have done my best to arrest it and stop it.

And I'll tell you another thing: There's enough professing Christians, I expect, in all the churches of this city to put a stop to the sowing of this seed in a month, if you all wanted to.

And I'll say another thing: If the members of all the churches in this town will stop drinking whiskey, they will shut up about half of the bar-rooms, to start with. (Laughter and applause.) You old red-nosed devil in God Almighty's church, you are a disgrace to this universe. (Laughter.)

SOWING PROFANITY.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If we sow liquor, we reap drunkards. Well, we get farther along down the line. If I sow profanity, I will reap profanity. Oh, how many swearing boys in St. Louis to-night! how many little ones! how many smaller ones! In a conversation with a house-full of little boys the other day, I asked the question:

"Boy, do you use bad words?"

One little fellow said, "Yes, sir."

Said I: "Where did you learn that?"

"Men learned me to say bad words," was the reply.

Sow profanity, reap profanity. Every little profane boy that blights the morals of this town is a living witness that if you sow profanity you reap profanity. God pity the brute that will swear in the presence of his children. (Applause.)

Sow profanity, reap profanity. In one town in Georgia there was, perhaps, the most profane man in the State, and this profane man was the father of a little boy. One morning the little boy, the son of this man, came walking down the sidewalk, and just before he got to his father's store, where his father and several others were standing out in front of the door, some one tripped the little fellow, and when they tripped him he had like to have fallen on the walk. He recovered himself and then turned, and such a string of oaths you hardly ever heard escape from human lips. And the father turned with the other gentlemen and looked, and the father said:

"Why, son! was that you?"

And the little boy dropped his head and said: "Yes, sir."

The father said: "Gentlemen, hear me! I'll never swear another oath while I live."

AN EARLY HARVEST.

But why stop it now? He had sown his little boy's heart full of this seed of damnation and reaped a harvest for hell before his child was four years old.

Oh, what a thought! Oh, what a thought! God pity the man who will deliberately demoralize the pure children of his home. Profanity! Sow profanity, reap profanity.

And then we say: Sow cards, reap gamblers.

Now I discuss general propositions. A great many disagree with me, but I reckon we will all agree in the discussion here to-night. I dare assert it, there isn't a man fool enough to deny any proposition when its legitimate results and when all its logic is as clear as the mind of God and as irresistible as the judgment of God. You can't get round these results. They are before you as facts, as deep and broad as the universe. "Whatsoever man soweth, that shall he reap."



Sow cards, reap gamblers. And every gambler that curses this city to-night is the legitimate product of card-playing at home. Nine gamblers out of ten are the product of Christian homes. Statistics will show it.

NO ALLUSIONS TO GOVERNOR MARMADUKE!

Now, I have said a great many hard things, so called, and a great many of those things that I have said have been applied. I don't apply things! I run a sort of wholesale gospel shoe establishment and just make shoes for the public, and every man puts on those that fit him, you know, and goes out. (Laughter.) That's my line. I'm never personal, and there never was a bigger mistake made by press or people than to think my remarks about swill-tubs and mash-tubs the other night had any reference to the Governor and Supreme Court of Missouri. They were not in my mind at all. I wasn't thinking about them at all. And why the press of the State should have such an idea as that I meant the Governor of Missouri is the profoundest mystery in the world to me; for I disown it, and say candidly and honestly, the Governor of Missouri and the Supreme Court of Missouri were no more in my mind when I made the assertion than something I never thought of at all. I am sorry. I am sorry that anybody should ever think that I would say such a thing of the Supreme Court of this State or the Governor of this State. I run a shoe shop—(Laughter)—and I am not responsible who you put the shoes on (Laughter.)

THE FRUIT OF CARD-PLAYING.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If you sow cards you'll reap gamblers—reap gamblers. I want to say to you parents here to-night, I know some of you have not only thought hard things, but you have

said a heap harder things, about me than I ever said about you. Now listen!

Sow cards, reap gamblers. There is one verse in Scripture I wish every parent in this country would heed and understand. It is where David said: "Blessed are ye simple ones concerning iniquity."

Blessed are you boys and girls that don't know how to sin! Do you get the idea?

I was guilty of a great many vices, but I never knew how to gamble. I believe if my father and mother had taught me the different games in cards—I believe I would have gone with that vice added to others, beyond all recovery, forever and forever. God being my helper, cards and wine and balls and such as that shall never come into my home until they come in over my dead body at the front door. (Applause.) This tide of worldliness that is sweeping children to hell and hardness of heart every day, shall never come into my home until I have spilt my last drop of blood at the front door.

"Well," you say, "you stick to that, and you can never get into society."

Society!—with a look of infinite derision—that heartless old wretch! Society! Society!! Society!!! The leech of the soul, that sucks the soul until the soul is as hollow as a drum! Nothing in there! Nothing in there!

NO FRIEND TO SOCIETY, SO-CALLED.

Society! the heartless old wretch! She has cursed ten thousand homes in this world—society, so-called, I mean. (Laughter.) God being my helper and God being my trust and my judge on the final day, I shall never go into anything, or be in partnership with anything that will curse my children when I am dead and gone. There are mothers and fathers in this house laughing in their sleeves at what I am saying this moment, and if you could just run down twenty years from this moment and see some

members of your household, you would absolutely weep tears of blood, and faint in the pew where you sit. (Sensation.)

I have had wives who set wine around their table in the first years of their married life, and cut up a big shine, according to the latest fashion of society—I have had that wife with streaming eyes and with a face that God must pity to look at it, begging me: "Oh, help me save my husband! He's gone forever."

And I've said it many a time, if I was the wife of any man and he brought his demijohns and his wines to my home, I would tell him: "Sir, in the name of God don't bring that here in the presence of my children," instead of doing like some of you, who stir it and sweeten it and fix it for him. And I would tell him in the presence of my children, "You go down and get your bar-keeper to do that. I won't soil my hands and damn my children, stirring your toddies for you!" (Applause.)

My God! We need some wives in this country and mothers who will suffer anything before they will suffer their little children to be demoralized and damned in their own homes.

Sow cards, reap gamblers! God Almighty pity the Christian home that can't get along without a deck of cards. (Applause and laughter.) (Turning to the brethren on the platform) I wish you'd all say "Amen" along occasionally. (Laughter.)

And now, I won't say which one of your boys may be a gambler, or which one of your daughters will marry a gambler—a man that you taught to play cards around your social circle at home; but I will say this much: If you'll burn up your cards and quit card-playing, you'll never have any reason to regret it when you come to die. I'll say that much, God being my helper, I know that cards have cursed thousands of lives in this world, and we know they will curse thousands more of lives. But I say they will never curse my children with my knowledge and especially with my consent.

SOW BALLS, REAP GERMANS.

Sow cards, reap gamblers. Sow balls, reap germans. And I'm glad it's called "german." I'm glad it ain't "American." (Laughter.) I'm glad we had enough respect for America to give that thing a foreign name. (Laughter.) German! (Laughter.) There is nothing more demoralizing to society than what you call the german. (Laughter.) And when you sow the german (laughter) you are mighty nearly run out! (Great laughter.) Sow germans and reap spider-legged dudes! (Immense laughter.) And sow spider-legged dudes and reap half a thimbleful of calves' foot jelly—that's all the brains he's got. (Applause and laughter.)

I got fighting the dudes over here in Nashville, and the "boys" unloaded on the darkies. (Laughter.) You could see more darkies going about there with tight pants and toothpick shoes on than I ever saw in my life. Come pretty near reforming the town. The darkies don't care, you know. (Laughter.) Bud I don't think they ever got on to the joke. (Laughter.)

Oh, me! I tell you humanity is running out mighty far along those lines. And they say to me: "Except you partake, except you mix with and go unto these things, your daughters will all die old maids." Well, bless my life, there's ten thousand things worse than old maiddom. There is that! (Laughter and applause.)

PREFERS THE OLD MAIDS.

The Lord knows I would rather have fifty old maids on my hands than have a son-in-law like some of you have got. (Laughter.) I would, I say to you all to-night, that the legitimate end of such lives as are manifested in some homes in this town is the reaping of just such sons-in-law. I have thought about that many a time. If the devil—I

do not care how much he has against a fellow—if the devil just puts one or two drunken sons-in-law off on him, you can get a clean receipt on him right there. There is nothing in earth or hell that will beat one. Some of you have tried it and know. (Laughter.) My! my! And the natural and legitimate end of such a life as some holy sham in this town manifest in their homes, is that you will reap that which will curse you when you are dead and gone. The Lord God Almighty, help us as parents to build a wall a mile high around our homes to keep out everything that ever demoralized humanity or cursed the immortality of the soul. That is what we want. But now to give the discussion for a few moments, in conclusion, a practical turn—I mean more personal in its application. "Whatever he soweth, that shall he also reap."

SOW BALLS, REAP GERMAN.

Sow profanity and reap it. Sow dram-drinking, reap drunkenness. Sow cards, reap gamblers. Sow balls, reap german. The german is the legitimate product of the ball-room. I tell you humanity, when you start it down hill, it ain't going to stop. It goes from one to the other. This world was content with the square dance for a while. Then they said, "Let us go a little further," and then it was the round dance, and on and on and on. I could tell you some things at this point that would make your blood boil, but I forbear. It will come up legitimately before I leave here. There are some things along on that line that every faithful preacher on this earth ought to say. He owes it to those who are just as certainly drifting to destruction as we are certain that we are in the house of God to-night.

As parents let us go home a while. I preached on the subject of family religion when I was a pastor once, and about three or four weeks afterward I met one of the leading members of my church. He was one of the most

intelligent men of whom I was ever pastor. And when I met him in the road, he in his buggy and I in mine, he stopped me and he said: "You know you preached a few weeks ago down at our church on family religion." He said: "That waked me up; it put me to thinking; it put me to studying; it put me to praying." He said: "I have gone home and studied my children all those days since I saw you, and I have reached a conclusion."

A PRETTY SAFE CONCLUSION.

"What is it?" I asked. "Let me hear it."

"After three weeks of close study of my children I have found out that my children"—hear it, parents—"have not a single fault that me or their mother, one or the other has not got." That is enough to bring parents to their senses. "My children have not a single fault that me or their mother, one or the other has not got."

I was reading once where a father, a famous climber, great in strength and muscle, was climbing up the slippery, steep side of the mountains, and as he was making the most fearful struggles in forcing his way headward he heard the voice of his little boy saying: "Father, keep in the safe path, your little boy is following you."

Some years ago a father started down to the rear of his plantation to look after the stock, and after he had gone one hundred yards or more, his little Willie, seven years old—little Willie called out: "Father, may I come with you?" "Yes, son, come along," responded his father. The snow was ten inches deep, and the father went on a piece, and turning around and looking back, said: "How are you getting along, son?" "Fine, father," said the boy, "I am putting my tracks in your tracks," and the little fellow was jumping from one of his father's tracks to the other. Clear and shrill the voice of the little boy rang out on the cold, clear air.

FOLLOWING PARENTAL TRACKS.

"I am putting my tracks in your tracks." The godless father said, "That is true in more senses than one, and by the help of God I'll reform my life. I'll never lead that boy to hell."

"I am putting my tracks in your tracks." Oh, my fellow-citizens, when you bring this thing down to where "My children will imitate and follow me," then I say above all things, "May God guide my doubtful footsteps aright. Let me make no mistakes. My children are on my track."

When I was preaching in a certain town there was a boy came staggering into the church two or three nights successively, and laid down in a back pew and went asleep. His father got him home that night and put him to bed. The father of the boy, eight years before, had been converted, when he was the worst drunkard in the town. The father was now a consistent and official member of the church, doing his duty. The father carried his drunken boy home and watched him. The next night, early, as the boy came down the stairway, his father met him at the foot of the stairs and said: "Son, hold on, son, I want you to get sober and go with me, and give your heart to God and become religious, like your father has done." And the son said: "Get out of my way, father, and don't try to stop me." The man stood in front of his son, and said: "Son, please stop, you will break my heart." He looked at his father with a wild glare, and said: "Father, get out of my way; I tell you not to stop me: I am going down town." The father said: "Oh, son, your mother has not slept a wink, of late, thinking of you, and your father has been praying to God for you. Oh, my son, don't go." The boy looked at him again with a wild glare in his eye, and said: "Do you know the first man who gave me the first drink I ever took?" "No," escaped from the father's lips. "Well, you are the man, sir. You

poured it out and presented it to my lips." And this good brother told me: "If my boy had shot me through the heart with a minie ball he could not have hurt me like he did."

A CORNER-GROCERY TALE.

Another father told me he had gone into a grocery store to get provisions, and in the back room of that store was a bar. A gentleman said to him: "Won't you go back and take a glass of lager beer with me?" and he said: "Not thinking—and I had not taken a glass of lager beer or anything else in ten years—I did so; and when the beer was drawn, I took it up in my hand and pressed it to my lips. Then for the first time I remembered that my little boy was with me, and as I pressed the glass to my lips he pulled my finger and said: 'Papa, what is that you are drinking?' I took my glass from my lips and said: 'Lager beer, son.' After I had drunk the beer I put the glass down, and we walked out of the store, and as we walked out of the door the little fellow pulled my finger again and said: 'Papa, what did you say that was you were drinking in there just now?' and I said 'Son, it was lager beer.' And he said, 'As we walked on home the little fellow pulled at my fingers again and said: 'Papa, I cannot recollect what that was you drank just now; what was it, papa?' And he said the little fellow asked the same question again the next day and he said: 'I would have given thousands if I could have recalled that one act. I am afraid that one thing will make a drunkard out of my poor little boy.'

Oh! my friends, you had better mind how you sow. The harvest is coming. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

THE LAW OF INHERITANCE.

My life before my children will be reproduced in my children. I walk in yonder into your home and into your

parlour, and your little Willie runs into the room, and I have met you and your wife frequently at church, and little Willie runs in and speaks to me there, and I look in his face and I see a sweet, beautiful little boy; and I can see his mother's eye and his father's forehead; and I can see his mother's mouth and his father's chin, and as I look in the face of the sweet child I see the features of father and mother planted in the face of their little boy, and then I say: "My children are no more like me physically than my children will be like me morally." I tell you like begets its like, and just as you sow so shall you reap. Sad thought! Sad thought! "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

RUINED FAMILIES.

I can take the history of families in this world, I can take the history of families in this State, I can take the history of families in this city that are enough to startle every conscience here to-night. Read the histories of these families, of the great-grandfather, of the grandfather, of the son, of the grandson. There they are, as impenetrable to truth and as impervious to right as it seems that rock or stone could be. Brother, hear me to-night. Do you not know that in the city of St. Louis there are whole families going to hell? Not one of them ever was religious. Oh, it is the saddest sight ever looked upon. God has seen this old Mississippi river valley with the blight of yellow fever cursing the whole country and bringing its thousands to their graves; God has seen whole provinces in China starve to death; God has seen our whole Southern land covered with blood and desolation; but the saddest sight God ever looked upon was to see a father take his wife by the hand and the wife take the eldest child by the hand; and the eldest child take the next child by the hand, and so on down to little

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Willie, and to see the whole family, parents and children, founder on the rocks of damnation, and lost forever. It seems that if there is a hell beyond all toleration, for time and eternity, it must be for that man who lets his children go deliberately down to death and hell.

Friends, will you hear to-night? Will you heed to-night? Do you know that you are sowing the seed, and that "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." I will not argue the proposition long, but I want to say in conclusion a thing or two. Hear me: "But he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

JUST LOOK AT IT.

Look at the actual sin of some of our citizens and of some families. We have been sowing to the flesh and of the flesh reaping corruption. What are we going to do. There is but one thing to do.

"What is that?" you ask.

Change the sowing. That is the only thing left us, and thank God that is all we need in life or eternity—to change the sowing. I want to say to this congregation to-night that I was the leader perhaps among the boys of my town in wickedness and mischief, and perhaps I led many into wickedness and sin. I was converted in the midst of those I led astray. I have preached the gospel in the churches of our town and on the streets of our town; and last year in our big harbour meeting in our town God blessed me in preaching the word at home, and gave me in that meeting the last associate of my boyhood, and there is not a single boy I ever led astray who is not a member of the church and on his way to Heaven. Thank God Almighty, there is such a thing as reversing the sowing. Thank God there is such a thing as breaking into this powerful tide of evil and turning it back in all its force and fury, and carrying souls to salvation instead of sweeping them down to Hell.

SOWING INTO THE SPIRIT.

"He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Thank God for that. Though the sowing of twenty-four years of my life was sowing in the wrong direction, God has given me fourteen years of right sowing—of sowing the right sort of seed. And, thank God, while I have led a sinner or two away from God, I trust him to pray to him to help me to lead dozens back to him in righteousness and in peace and in joy in that holy cause. Brethren of the church of God, fathers, have you not sowed long enough in the wrong direction? Mothers, have you not sowed long enough in the wrong direction? Let every mother say as the good woman in Chattanooga did.

A CARD-PLAYING STORY.

Her son entered the house one evening and he said: "Mother, you and sister go and get the cards. I can beat you a game to-night." His mother spoke: "You didn't hear that sermon I did this evening." She said: "Son those cards are burned up, and there will be no more cards here." And she said in addition to that: "I promised this evening at the meeting to pray to-night for God to bless the men's meeting, and I shall go upstairs and begin to pray now. It is nearly meeting time." And he said: "Sister, if I get more cards, will you play?" She said: "No, I heard that same sermon, and I am going upstairs to pray." The boy turned right round, went down town, and walked into the meeting, and that night he was converted and gave his heart to God, and when he got back home he took his mother in his arms and said: "Here is your saved boy, and from this time on I shall be a Christian forever and ever." That boy was soundly converted. Look here, mothers. Let us say to our children, I beg your pardon. I beg God's pardon. Nothing that ever harmed a soul or cursed humanity shall ever be fostered

in my house any longer. Out with it. I am done, I am done. And, that may produce conviction in your boy's heart and before next Sunday night meeting is over, every child you have got may be a Christian, and on its way to heaven.

A RE-UNION OF THE JONESES.

Now a word of personal history, and you will pardon me, although I do not know whether it is necessary for a preacher ever to ask anybody's pardon. Whether you pardon or not, I will say this just in illustration of the thought I am on. About six years ago now in February, I received a letter from my old grandfather Jones. He wrote me this:

"My dear grandson, you and your wife and your children come down on the 27th of February to our humble home. Your grandmother and myself will have been married fifty years on that day. We have lived fifty years in happy wedlock, and we are going to celebrate our golden wedding."

I never thought much about it for a few days, but as the time drew near I said: "Wife, let us go down to old grandfather's." He lived two counties below me, and he lived in a double log cabin. He had been poor all his life, and he had always been a hard-working man. We got down to grandfather's, and there were gathered all his kinsfolk, sons, sons-in-law, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. We ate dinner in that humble cabin, and after dinner went into the large room, as it was called. And we gathered around grandfather and grandmother in a double circle. Grandfather and grandmother sat in the centre of the circle, and my old grandfather, a saintly old man, said: "I want to tell you some history and statistics." He said:

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

"Way back yonder, in Elbert County, Ga., when a sixteen-year-old boy, bound out—my father and mother

were both dead, and I was bound out to a gentleman until I was twenty-one years old. When I was sixteen years old the Methodists came into that county and preached. And they started a meeting, and I went up to the altar and I gave my heart to God, and I joined the church."

And he said, "Shortly after I joined, they made a class-leader out of me, and then an exhorter, and then they licensed me to preach, and for fifty years about I have been a preacher. In the meantime, when I was about twenty-one, I married this your grandmother and mother and my wife, and the first night we went into our humble home we commenced evening and morning family prayer, and for fifty years steadily we have kept up our devotions night and morning."

And he said: "I have preached the gospel in my poor way the best I could." And he said: "I have thought many a time that I might just as well give it up and quit it all. I was doing no good, but I have been faithful to God and duty. And now," he said, "children, here are statistics."

THE STATISTICS.

"There are fifty-two of us in all, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren." "And," he said, "twenty-two of that number have crossed over and gone to glory." He said, "Sixteen of the twenty-two were infants, and I have God's word for it that they have gone safe. The other six remaining ones that have passed over all died happy in Christ and went home to Heaven."

And one of these six was the man I had the honour to call my father, and I stood by his bed and saw him literally shout his way out of this world. "And now," said my grandfather, "there are thirty of us living, and every one of those thirty are in the church and on their way to Heaven except one! one! one!" My God, how that boy has crushed my life's blood out! And I have stood up and

preached to others about Jesus Christ and his power to save when you could hear the blood dripping in my own heart. Oh, my poor wayward brother! He went right to the gates of hell, but God brought him back. But I trust and believe to-night that he is a better man than I am. They say that he is; and that he preaches with more power and efficiency than I do. Poor fellow! He went very near to the gates of hell, but he was reclaimed.

THE PREACHER'S HOPE.

"Now," said my old grandfather—twenty-two over yonder, thirty down here—"and," said he, "I do not care much whether I stay down here or go up yonder and stay with them until you come."

Well, since then my good old grandmother, she has gone. That grand old man who was bound out in Elbert County, and gave his heart to God and went about sowing good seed, now has five sons that are preaching. I believe it is five sons and two grandsons that are preaching the gospel of Christ all over the land, and the work is going on. And I have thought many a time that if God Almighty should give me a million of souls as trophies for the cross, when I get to heaven I will hang them all on my old grandfather's crown and tell God he is worthy them all. He has been the stay of my life, and to-night, while I am preaching in St. Louis, that grand old man is no doubt on his knees praying God to bless his grandson and help him preach the gospel of Christ.

Well, I went off after that thinking about all this, saying: "I have been wanting to get to heaven all my life; I cannot miss it now. As my old grandfather said, twenty-two are safe over there and the other thirty on the way, and I cannot miss that glorious world; I am on my way there to-night, blessed be God! All the money I have got is in this bank, and it shall stay there forever."

WHAT HE EXPECTS IN HEAVEN.

I have sat down and buried my face in my hands and said a many a time: "Dear Lord, if I will ever get to heaven,—the very thought is charming to me—but if I ever get to heaven, I expect to know my mother there and see my father there and loved ones there, and it will be a joy to me to look up in the face of Jesus Christ, my precious Saviour as I walk the golden streets; but I'll tell you the grandest hour that I shall see in heaven is some sweet moment as I walk the golden streets, when I shall see my precious wife winging her way into the shining courts and I shall join hands with her." "We journeyed hand in hand down yonder, and we are here forever."

Then the grandest moment shall be when wife and I shall sit down in the shade of the tree of life and an archangel wings his way to us and lights at our side and brushes our little Mary out from under his wings. He says: "Here she is. You trained her for everlasting life and she shall live with you forever."

And another glad hour will be when an angel shall wing his way to us and brush sweet little Annie from under his wing and shall say: "Here she is, another cherub you trained for joys on high," until at last every sweet child shall come sweeping in, and we shall all join hands in the courts above and shout it aloud:

"Here all of us, and home forever!"

Oh, what a glad hour that will be to this poor weary man.

God help me to live so that my children following in my footsteps shall come to the world of bliss and peace up yonder. (Amen.)

THE LAST APPEAL.

Before I dismiss you to-night, how many of you in this house, as parents and children, will stand up with me

in an honest prayer, "God helping me, I will live the life of the righteous that I may die their happy death, and my last end may be like his!" How many of you fathers and you mothers to-night can say: "God helping me, I will live better and set a better example?" Will every father and mother here to-night and every son and daughter here to-night who feels that way, will you stand up in this congregation a minute with us all in honest prayer? If you mean it, stand up! How many now will stand up and say: "God helping me I will give my life to better and nobler and truer things."

About four-fifths of the congregation rose.

"Well, thank God! Now let us breathe an earnest prayer to Heaven. If any of you want to be prayed for, if you will stand up, we'll pray for you,—any sitting down? Now let's all pray earnestly a moment together.





